

THE MONTH

MARCH 1867.



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THE MONTH.

MARCH 1867.

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NOTICE.

All Books and Publications intended for review in the MONTH should be sent to the Editor, at 50 South Street, Grosvenor Square, W., or at the Publishers', Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers'-Hall Court, Ludgate Street, E.C. It is requested that Letters and Manuscripts may be sent to the former address.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications.

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** * * Advertisements to be sent to MR. G. BLAND, 27 St. Dunstan's Hill, London, E.C.*

“*Vertransiit benefaciendo.*”

THE memory of the French *émigrés* in England must be almost extinct. A few survivors may remain among us, who can just remember the Marquis with faded decorations who taught them French or drawing, or the venerable Abbé who patted them on the head and whispered his blessing. But the horrors that led to the sudden appearance on our shores of several thousand French exiles, the burst of compassion and friendliness with which they were welcomed, the sustained respect which they continued to excite, the noble efforts successfully made, under the crushing pressure of a fearfully expensive war, to provide for their wants, and the recompense that came in the shape of prejudices cleared away and preparation for the reception of truth,—these things are now matters of history, and we have few traditions of them to supply the place of recollection. They do not even enter much into our current literature. In our own younger days the courteous and dignified, although threadbare, French nobleman, and even the snuff-box and shoe-buckles and silver hairs of the kind-hearted French priest, not unfrequently figured in the moderate supply—very different from the present inundation—of tales and works of fiction which sufficed for the wants of that remote epoch. We know of no work of note of the present day in which use is made of the character of an *émigré*, except the *Tale of Two Cities*; and that is hardly an exception, since the exiles there introduced are little more than pegs to the story. We would gladly know more of the intercourse of our grandfathers with these confessors for the faith, of the homage which their courage and cheerfulness extorted, and especially of the working of that influence for good, which, indirectly, must have had vast effects, and have tended greatly both to accelerate the removal of the penal laws, and to bring about that reaction towards the Church of which we are now reaping the harvest; and which, even directly, was probably the cause of very numerous conversions. A memorandum found amongst the papers of Abbé Carron, with the title, “A little memorandum most precious to my heart and to my faith,” contained a list of fifty-five Protestants received by him into the Church before the year 1803; and many more, whose names did not appear in that list, were known to have been converted by his ministry. The simple fact that, within twelve years

after the public burning of Catholic chapels and the houses of Catholics in London, our Parliament was voting money by acclamation to support several thousands of foreign priests who were in exile purely for their loyalty to the Catholic Church, is at first sight almost startling. The British lion must surely have worn rather a puzzled expression of countenance when he found himself bringing bread to Popish priests of the most thoroughly Popish kind, and respectfully licking their hands. While great admiration is really due to the generosity of the noble animal on this occasion, it is perhaps only fair, as well as obvious, to remark, that he probably somewhat confounded the cause of the clergy, who suffered only for their faith, with that of the exiles in general, and was somewhat influenced by his hatred first of the *sans-culottes*, and afterwards of Buonaparte. The clergy, however, although for the most part very strongly attached to the French throne, were quite ready to work on under any government, and in whatever privations, and were driven into exile or threatened with death solely for the same sort of offence as that of St. Thomas of Canterbury, of Fisher and More; that is, for their repudiation of the very principle which is the essential basis of the so-called Church of England.

An exceedingly interesting life,* notwithstanding its somewhat superfluous diffuseness, has lately been published at Paris of the venerable Abbé Carron, to whom the Catholics of London are indebted for the chapel and schools of the Somers-town Mission, and indirectly, through his successor Abbé Nerinckx, for the establishment among us of the "Faithful Companions of Jesus." We can hardly help envying the good religious who has sent forth this huge volume of nearly 700 pages, the thorough roominess in which he carries on his labour of love omitting no detail that in any way furthers his purpose, describing not only the holy priest himself, but most of his relations and intimate friends, and freely inserting letters and documents at full length. Some of these, such as letters of commendation from royal personages and other notabilities, and the official answers, which show that the "Circumlocution Office" was a French quite as much as an English institution, we could perhaps forego. But the letters of the Abbé himself, numerous as they are, do not contain a line too many for our taste; for every line exhales the fragrance of a love the strength of which, as a natural affection, could seldom have been surpassed, and which at the same time, although not so thoroughly predominated over by the supernatural as in the highest order of saints, is yet always under its influence,

* *Vie de l'Abbé Carron, par un Bénédictin de la Congrégation de France. Paris, 1866.*

and ready to pass into it. Few men have ever lived less in or for themselves. He lived for his mother, brother, and sisters, for his nephews and nieces and adopted children, for his king and country, for his fellow-exiles, and above all for the poor, to whose special service he bound himself by repeated vows, which were gloriously fulfilled. We cannot see in his most confidential letters or in his most private memoranda a trace of indulgence in a single natural pleasure, except that of being loved. Although a very voluminous writer, he seems to have been absolutely free from literary vanity. He allowed the Abbé Gérard, the author of *Valmont*—to whom he submitted most of his productions—to go on criticising and correcting without mercy, and was ready to suppress anything at a word from him. As he had no vulnerable point, so to speak, but in his affections, it was here, as is usual with those whom God would train for great things, that the sharpest wounds were inflicted. The early death of a younger sister born soon after himself, who had been his confidante and associate in piety and in all his schemes of devotion and devotedness as a child; the death of his mother, whom he would have idolised if he could have idolised anything, but from whose death-bed he went back calmly to sit all the evening in the confessional; the deaths of several others of those nearest and dearest to him, and the defection of a few; the overthrow of his gigantic and successful undertakings in behalf of the poor of his native town; two deportations and nearly half a life spent in banishment from his beloved France; banishment from Normandy and from home even after his return to France; frequent contact with distress greater than even *his* wonderful ability to relieve; and, perhaps worst of all, his own share, however innocently, in the ruin of an intimate friend whom he had encouraged to invest all his property in his favourite undertaking of workshops at Rennes, and who died broken-hearted, leaving a widow and seven children destitute: these were the things that made his *way of the Cross*, and moulded his loving and bleeding heart to a greater likeness of the Crucified.

It was on the 16th of September 1792 that Abbé Carron, then in the thirty-third year of his age and the tenth of his priesthood, landed in Jersey with 250 other priests, after a tempestuous passage of forty-eight hours from St. Malo, in which they had narrowly escaped the fate to which those who forced them to put to sea in a storm had apparently destined them. These were nearly the last of the exiles. The September massacres gave the crown of martyrdom to most of the clergy faithful to their vows, who had not either been alarmed into flight or forcibly banished. The Abbé Carron, and those who accompanied him, were not, properly speaking,

émigrés, but *déportés*. Of the *émigrés* or fugitives, again, there were two classes: those who, like most of the nobility, had fled when their property was seized and their privileges taken away; and those who, as was the case with most of the clergy, had remained at their posts till they were exposed to indignities and outrages, and their lives endangered. But nothing would induce the Abbé Carron and those who were influenced by his example to fly. The civil character of the clergy had been decreed by the National Assembly on the 12th of July 1790, and unfortunately accepted by Louis XVI. on the 24th of August. On the 4th of January 1791 the oath which was the test of confessorship had been demanded of the Bishops, and almost unanimously refused; and soon afterwards began the persecution of the priests and the religious who followed their noble example. On the 11th of May the municipality of Rennes endeavoured to instal the schismatical clergy in the chief parishes of the town, and threatened summary proceedings against all who had refused the oath for any attempt to discharge their ministry any more. The Abbé Carron, the chief curate of the large parish of St. Germain, in which he had laboured from the time of his ordination, was one of those specially interdicted. At the same time the violent republicans of the town, who, although comparatively few—for the mass of the inhabitants continued Catholic and loyal—were prevailing, as elsewhere, over the more moderate, had begun to threaten his life. He preached the last course of Lent sermons that were heard for many years to come in his native town, although parties of armed men were known to be in wait for him; but after Easter, by order of the Vicar-general, he retired to the house of a brother a few leagues out of the town. On his way, early in the morning, he was met by forty armed men who had been searching for him at the very house to which he was going, with the intention of murdering him, and whose violence had so agitated his brother, who was in weak health, that he died not long after; but although they spoke to the Abbé, they did not touch him. His life had been still more wonderfully preserved several years before, when three men—one of whom was enraged at the conversion by the Abbé's preaching of a woman whom he had seduced—had laid a plot for his assassination, and had entrapped him, under pretence of his services being required for a wounded man, into a solitary house on the bank of the river. When he approached the bed in which his pretended penitent had laid himself ready to strike the murderous blow, he exclaimed, "You have sent for me too late: the unfortunate man is no more;" and his companions found that the wretch had suddenly expired. Carron had not yet finished his work; and, although in a

less signally supernatural manner, the Divine hand that had then fallen on his would-be murderer interposed again and again to protect him. From his retirement, where he had composed and published a vigorous and pathetic remonstrance to those religious who were yielding to the storm and breaking their vows, he returned to his parish, and did not intermit his work till he was seized and carried to prison, and into forced exile in the August of the next year. He continued to carry on and even to extend, in addition to his sacerdotal labours, the weaving, rope and sail-making, and other manufactures that he had established for the benefit of the poor, and was actually giving employment and subsistence to 1500 artizans when he was arrested. At the same time he had expended 100,000 francs on the buildings where the works were carried on; and when they were taken possession of by the republicans the stock in hand was valued at more than 94,000 francs, and 90,000 more were due to him for sails supplied to the navy from his establishment. His success in this undertaking was probably the reason for which, although he was unflinching in his zeal, and resolutely refused to allow any constitutional priest to officiate in his church, his arrest was so long delayed. While inflexibly firm in matters of conscience, he was ready enough to accommodate himself in everything else to the new state of things, in order to carry on his work. He was willing to be known as *citoyen Carron*, and to be *tutoyed* to any extent. He obeyed the law which ordered all the *insermentés* to present themselves every day to the municipal authorities. He implored that, if they thought fit to imprison him, he might still be permitted to carry on his works of charity, and offered to visit them accompanied by an officer, and to live contentedly in confinement. "Although breathing infected air," he said, "I may still manage to live a few years, and discharge the sacred obligation of reimbursing the friends who lent me money to do good with. Then I will make a present of my establishment to my country, and I shall die satisfied with having undeceived those who think that I had in view to enrich myself or my family."

But the fatal blow, though delayed, was not very long in coming. On the 10th of August a party of the national guard took him to the *hôtel de ville*, and thence to the Abbey of St. Melaine, which had been turned into a prison; and on the 8th of September he and his fellow-prisoners were escorted to St. Malo to be shipped for Jersey. His bishop, his rector, and many of his clerical friends had fled months before; but he had kept to his resolution, more expressively, his biographer says, than grammatically worded, "*Jamais je n'ai voulu consentir à m'émigrer.*" He was in bad health, and suffering

besides from a violent toothache; but neither of this, nor of his being made to share the single mattress of a prisoner in a high fever, nor of any of the brutal insults which he received in prison and on the journey to the coast, does he say a word in the letters which he managed to send to his sister and nephews. He addresses them all by name, longs to fold them to his breast, hopes one day to see them again, consoles and advises them, and sends the little ones the few sous that he happened to have in his possession. But his thoughts of his own sufferings are only such as these:

"Believe me, I do not suffer the hundredth part of what I have deserved. An unfortunate sinner, a base and too frequent transgressor, such as I know myself to be, ought not to think anything of such slight drops of bitterness. My God, when we love You, how sweet, how consoling, how delicious it is to suffer for You; and how magnificently does the love which we bear You recompense us for all the miseries of life! Do not, my dear child, think of your friend's imprisonment, without remembering at the same time that I deserve to be at the bottom of the most loathsome dungeon, and under a thousand chains, to bewail the sins of my youth."

His last message, when on the point of embarking, was to M. Paris, whom he had commissioned to watch over his factories.

"I hope that this letter, in which I enclose my heart, will find you in good health. Mine has had some variations, but it is at present quite sound; and I desire, if my God preserves me in it, to consecrate it again one day entirely to the service of my dear fellow-citizens; for I shall always love them, and shall always sigh for the moment when, recovering from their unfounded prejudices, they cease to close their heart to me. Speak of me now and then to the members of that dear colony whose prosperity formed the sweetest enjoyment of my youth. Tell them that I shall always be their father and their friend, and that I shall seek all my life for the means of making them happy. If I can gain any practical knowledge of manufactures in England, I shall make haste to apply it to the improvement of La Piletière."

He was never permitted to revisit his work at Rennes; but his indefatigable activity and burning zeal found a still wider field, and achieved still greater wonders in exile.

It was no slight task that awaited him. The 250 penniless outcasts—of whom he was one—came to swell a crowd of more than 3000 priests and religious, living in discomfort and distress in the midst of a population far more bitterly opposed to the Catholic religion than the people of England, and in danger, from the want of occupation, and from the cessation of all outward practices of piety, of falling into disorder. Only the year before, a Catholic

lady had tried to get permission to have Mass celebrated in private, and the good people of Jersey had threatened to throw any priest who ventured to celebrate into a caldron of boiling oil; and when after some time she got a brave Irish priest to run the risk, her husband, who served his Mass, held a naked sword to be ready for an attack. The Abbé Carron had not been long in the island before nine Masses were said every morning in her parlour. After a short visit to London, whither he went to consult with the Bishop of Léon and the rector of his old parish at Rennes—not forgetting at the same time his promise to obtain information that would be useful at La Piletière—he settled himself to his work on the 8th of October. He opened an oratory at once, in which he said Mass every day, and preached on Sunday, with some secrecy at first, but very soon, as the dispositions of the people changed, without the necessity of any precautions. He gave several courses of spiritual exercises to the clergy, by which their fervour was rekindled. He set on foot a large dispensary, in which a priest, who had been a surgeon before his ordination, made up and administered remedies, and in which another priest dispensed soup, wine, linen, and other necessaries. Then he collected a great quantity of books, and opened a library and reading-room, where the clergy could come from their overcrowded barrack-rooms to study or pray in silence and in comfort. He provided another collection of books to form a circulating-library for the emigrant laity, many of whom had been hurried into exile without being able to bring anything with them; and Catholic books were, of course, unattainable at that time in Jersey. By the June after his arrival he had two schools at work for their sons and daughters, and constituted himself master of the upper division of the boys' school, but taught the Catechism and explained the Epistles and Gospels to all the classes in each institution. These were the only Catholic places of instruction in the whole island. He was, besides, the common refuge for all the wants, spiritual and temporal, of the whole colony; he was hard at work at the composition of some of the numerous volumes which he published to increase his resources of charity; and he continued, till war broke off the communication between England and France, to direct, as far as was possible, the factories of La Piletière. Yet, with all these undertakings on hand, he was living himself in a state of almost destitution. One room served him for a second chapel, for confessional, class-room, reception-room, and bedchamber; and having no servant, he had to move and replace the tables and benches, and sweep and dust several times a day. And, with all this multifarious work, he made it a rule to read two chapters of Holy Scripture on

his knees every day, to make a visit every afternoon to the Blessed Sacrament, to make at least half an hour's mental prayer, and to read a chapter in the *Imitation*, another in the *Spiritual Combat*, and at least fifteen pages of a manual of theology, however pressing his occupations might be. He prescribed to himself in a rule of life, drawn up in Jersey, and found after his death, to rise at four, however late he might have retired to rest; to say Office after his meditation, and then to celebrate; to fast every day, never taking anything before dinner, and only milk for his collation, and on Fridays only bread; never to touch wine, and to confine himself to bread and vegetables when he dined alone; and in various other ways to deprive himself of comfort, and to bring his standard of what was necessary far below that which is usual even with the pious and charitable. The only expensive article that he retained was a watch, the alarum of which he found needful to wake him; but he promised, as soon as he had thoroughly acquired the habit of waking before four o'clock, to give this also away to his "dear friends the poor; who," he said, "shall have everything that I can deny myself." His rule of life, which contains also devout aspirations for every different act of the day, and for times of wakefulness at night, ends with this fervent petition:

"O Incomprehensible and Eternal Treasure of my soul, the one adorable object of all the feelings, affections, and emotions of my heart, Jesus, *my* Jesus, my love and my all, O that I may love You, that I may live only to love You, and to cause You to be loved upon earth! Grant me, O Lord, days well filled, a pure life, and a happy death, that may conduct me to Your bosom!"

That such a man should exercise great influence for good, and work wonders, we cease to be surprised. When his undertakings assumed soon afterwards a still more extended range of responsibility in London, Bishop Douglas expressed to the Bishop of Léon his amazement and alarm, and was answered, "Reassure yourself, my lord; I have known Abbé Carron a long time, and I am accustomed to see him work miracles." Yet we should hardly, perhaps, be prepared for what he actually effected. When the republican forces under General Hoche were massed on the coast, apparently for an invasion of our territories, the English Government resolved to fortify Jersey, and deemed it expedient to transfer the exiles to London. A curious proposal had just been made by the military commander, that the clergy should take up arms; which was, however, courteously refused, and the refusal courteously accepted. In August 1796 the Abbé came to London, charged with the task of finding accommodation and providing for the wants of the French colony from Jersey.

Besides the herculean task of finding lodgings for most of them, he at once hired two houses in Tottenham-court-road and re-opened his two schools, and soon after opened two rooms for public chapels, and established again his libraries. In less than three years he had also under his care a hospital for 40 aged and infirm ecclesiastics, and another for 25 female patients, an ecclesiastical seminary containing 25 students in training for the priesthood, and a *Maison de Providence*, on the plan of the houses of the *Sisters of Charity*, provided with all necessary supplies for visiting and relieving the poor. In 1799, to his two day-schools were added *pensionnats*,—the one for 80 boys, and the other for 60 girls,—all the expenses of which, in excess of the twelve or eighteen guineas per head granted by the British Government, fell on the Abbé. His way of returning thanks was to promise some additional work of charity. Thus, in an effusion of gratitude for the opening of the hospice for old priests, he bound himself to give a dinner to six poor old men every 28th of October; when the seminary was opened, he promised to give a dinner every 1st of December to 12 poor children, to wait on them himself, and to send them home with new clothes and bread in their hands; and when the female hospital was opened, to give a marriage portion every 25th of October to three virtuous young women.

When in peculiarly great difficulties, his plan, like that of many saints, was to give in alms any little money that remained, in order, as he said, "to draw down dew from heaven;" and this never failed. Rich Protestants called and left bank-notes, without giving him time to discover who they were, or sent anonymous donations. Two gentlemen in drab-coloured attire astonished the pupils, trained to the most exquisite politeness, by coming in one day without removing their hats; and one of them, who turned out to be that torment of our infancy, Lindley Murray, after seeing the whole establishment, deposited 10*l.* in the Abbé's hands. The leading Catholics were, of course, profuse in their offerings, and all ready to place themselves at his disposal. The hoarded jewels of the richer exiles melted into alms for the poor. Actors read plays for his benefit, and the great Catalani gave a concert for him. He had been encouraged at the outset by even more striking dispositions of Divine Providence. A rich Englishman, living at St. Aubin in Jersey, had entreated him to accept his house and estate and become his heir; but, as the offer involved the condition of being naturalised and abandoning France, his love for his country, that had used him so cruelly, prevented his listening to it. Soon after his settlement in London he found himself without resources, and heavily in debt. Mr. Desprez, his former rector, met him coming out of his oratory in a state of great

depression, and proposed a walk in the Park. It was early, and no one was to be seen. A man passed them at a rapid pace, and, when a little in advance of them, drew some packages out of his pocket, one of which fell to the ground. The Abbé picked it up, and found a bundle of notes. He ran after the man, shouting to him, but in vain, to stop, and at last overtook him. The other refused to stop, and declared that the notes did not belong to him, and that he was in a great hurry. "Where do they come from, then?" was the natural question. "From there, sir," said the stranger, pointing upwards. They amounted, Mr. Desprez recorded, to the value of some scores of thousands of francs. The Abbé used to say that, while in England, more than a million guineas had passed through his hands. Yet he was inexorable in his rule of never receiving anything of value for himself. He refused whatever was clogged with the condition of keeping it himself.

In 1797 an amnesty for the exiles was voted, and for a week he was hoping to return to France, and had even closed his schools; but the Government, who were better acquainted with the state of things, refused him a passport, and the *coup d'état* of the 4th of September revoked the amnesty. In November 1799 he settled with all his establishments, except the seminary for priests, which was now not so much required, at Somers-town. They occupied ten large houses, the rent of three being paid by the Government, and that of the others by himself. A French journal describes them as situated outside of London, in good air, and *quite in the country*.

In 1801 he might have returned to France. The famous concordat was signed on the 15th of July, and made public on the following Easter, the 12th of April 1802. The Bishop of Rennes, who yielded, although with rather too much of protest, to the invitation from the Holy See addressed to all the old Bishops to resign their sees, in order to facilitate the working of the concordat, earnestly entreated that Abbé Carron might be his successor; and the First Consul desired himself to secure him. But the articles fraudulently added by Napoleon, and against which the Pope, when he became aware of them, vehemently protested, made the Abbé feel it to be impossible to work satisfactorily in France while they were in force.

The schism of the *Petite Eglise*, or Blanchardism as it was called in England, was a terrible blow to him. More than half the Bishops still in exile and many of the clergy—and amongst them his dearest friends—held out against the Holy See. But his fidelity never wavered, not even while the Vicar-apostolic of the London district was acting timidly, and weakening the effect of Dr. Milner's more energetic measures. The *organic articles* were a sore puzzle

and distress to him; but he would never countenance a word of disrespect to the Holy See. In a synod of Bishops he was chosen by Dr. Milner for his theologian, but rejected on the ground of his being a foreigner. This firmness of his drew upon him ultimately a fierce persecution, and great attempts were made, but with only partial success, to alienate from him Louis XVIII. and the other members of the exiled dynasty, who had themselves remonstrated with the Holy See on the concordat. But no ecclesiastical dignity was ever offered him after the Restoration. A storm of abusive pamphlets, anonymous letters, and slanderous reports of the worst kind fell for some time keenly upon him. Yet in his correspondence with his dear relations in Normandy, which was now resumed and carried on till war broke out again, there is no allusion to any of his trials, except that of his continual separation from them. He longs to see them; he interests himself in all the details of their families, and gives them advice and encouragement; but he has no space for his own afflictions. The only thing that disputes with them for his love—for his love of God is supreme over all—is his love of the poor. "I love you," he cries; "yes, certainly, I love you with all my heart, and all the dear ones by whom you are surrounded; but I love my poor still more; they are my numerous and best-beloved family."

In 1807 the popularity of the French clergy was so great, and had so increased the favourable feeling towards Catholics generally, that he thought it time to build a regular church. Hitherto he had officiated in the largest room of one of the schools. The impossibility of raising 4000*l.* for the purpose was soon surmounted by one to whom nothing was impossible that the glory of God seemed to require. So the church in the Polygon soon rose, and was crowded at once on its being opened; and he added to his other labours the task of giving sermons in English, which it cost him immense pains to elaborate and learn by heart. As his little flock of exiles, who were now making their way back to France, diminished, his ministry both amongst the French settled in London and amongst the English increased. He made it a rule to visit all his sick—of whom he had a large number—at least once a week, and those seriously ill every day. He visited one daily, and often twice a day, for six months together. His poor schools were enlarged, and admitted English as well as French Catholics. His records of conversions became more and more numerous; and each cost him weeks, and generally months, of careful preliminary instruction. He was constantly engaged in writing, and published twelve or thirteen different works in London. He was carrying on also a correspondence with many Protestants and sceptics; to whose difficulties he was never

weary of replying. Part of his correspondence with one alone extended to twenty-seven letters, mostly of eight or ten pages each. How he could multiply himself sufficiently for all that he was doing is one of those mysteries which we find in the lives of saints alone. When the demands of the *émigrés* on his purse were less heavy, he began to distribute soup and coals to the poor Catholics of London; an express prohibition from Government preventing him from extending this charity to Protestants, *for fear of conversions*. As the war went on, immense donations both of money and of all kinds of necessities were made by him to the increasing crowds of French prisoners.

In April 1814 Louis XVIII., who had been nearly seven years in England, and under whose patronage the Abbé's *pensionnats* for the children of the *émigrés* had acquired a sort of title to be deemed royal institutions, returned to the throne vacant by the banishment of Napoleon to Elba; and the Abbé only waited for the royal commands respecting the young French nobility under his care to terminate his twenty-two years of exile. On the 14th of July he said Mass for the last time at Somers-town, and set off at five in the morning, to escape any attempts of his flock to prevent his departure. He left England, after all the hundreds of thousands of pounds that had passed through his hands, as poor as he had come to it, and was beholden to his friends the Jerninghams for part of the expense of the journey. A solidly-built chapel and two poor schools, containing a hundred children, with all necessary appliances, were his legacy to the Catholics of England. What were his feelings towards those whom he was leaving, and those whom he was expecting to see again, how the sight of France affected him, and what were his intentions for the future, we must leave him to express, by extracting some portion of one of several letters which he wrote on landing:

"Calais, Sunday, July 17, 1814.

"Ursula, my dearly-loved sister, daughter, and friend,—I arrived here last night, after a difficult passage. Here I am, then, on the precious soil that gave me birth. . . . Ah, my dear ones, if I could clasp you all in my arms, my heart would be less bruised, less in anguish than it is! Alas, I have lost Somers-town, for me a land of benediction; and in my own country, I look for France in vain. In twenty-four hours, what have I not seen already! This holy day of rest made a working day; not a shop that is not open; not a street-vendor that is not crying his wares. What a sight! How it pierces any heart that retains the faith! . . . All the difference between the twenty-two last years and those that it may please the Lord to add to me, will only be in the outward utterance of my feelings. I was silent, and I loved; I shall speak, but I cannot love more.

O, what a pure and innocent enjoyment it will be to bless your children, and your grand-children, and to chat together about the days of our youth! I so need some distraction, some nourishment to my poor heart. But do you know the way to procure it the most delicious nourishment? It is to assure me that you wish to live and breathe only for God and for His love; for this is the true life of man,—to have a sinner's awe and a child's love for the most tender and compassionate of fathers. If it were granted me to gain Him some hearts before dying, this would be a balm that would heal all my wounds. Ah, my child, if you knew what angelic souls I have left on the soil of my second country! Excellent Christians, you are not heard of on earth; but what a festival is in preparation for you in heaven! The love of God for ever! Let us talk of this love; let us act in everything for the sake of it; let us act only through it. To live without loving is to languish; to live without loving is to die. Ah, let us live to love, and let us desire death in order to love still more. Let us live to get love for what is alone supremely lovable, our dear Master, our best of Fathers. By His side, and in His bosom, all pains lose their bitterness; and how much of it do they not lose! He forgets nothing that can embellish our crown; and to suffer for so good a Master has its own special charm; suffering love is the best love. Adieu, my beloved child; your father will always love you, as the old curate of St. Germain loved you, and—to end with that sweet title—as the *Missioner of Somers-town* loved you."

In November he was installed with the orphans, whom he had left in England until he was ready for them, and the ladies who instructed them, in what was to be his home henceforth, with the exception of his second brief exile, until death, a house in the *Impasse des Feuillantines* in the Faubourg St. Jacques. Thirty of his pupils were paid for by the King, and others received at his own risk. On the 1st of the following March Napoleon landed from Elba, and at Lyons, on his way to Paris, ordered all returned exiles who had come back without his leave to quit France within a fortnight, under pain of death. On the 4th, all unconscious of what had happened, the merry old lady who was at the head of the establishment, and styled herself *Religieuse indigne du Monastère des Feuillantines*, was writing a letter, sparkling with fun, to invite the Abbé's nephew to come in June and keep with them the *triplex-majus* feast of St. Guy. Before the end of the month she and the Abbé and most of the orphans were again in banishment in London, and a crowd of fugitives were looking to him again for help. An appeal to his "generous friends, the citizens of Great Britain," brought in 500*l*.

At Kensington, whither he retired to avoid any appearance of interference at Somers-town, he gave shelter to a young man, who was afterwards too well known as the Abbé de la Mennais. A great

friendship sprung up between them; and when the battle of Waterloo allowed of his return, Féli, as he was familiarly called, clung to the Abbé de Carron, whom uncertainties about his orphans detained in London, and accompanied him back to the Feuillantines in December. "What a man!" he wrote to a common friend of the Abbé, whom he always called his good father, "or rather what a saint! I hope, by the help of his advice, to settle at last to something. It is high time. Thirty-three years lost, and worse than lost!" Happy would it have been for him if he had been guided by his venerable friend's counsels. The instincts of faith in the Abbé made him suspect even the first volume of the *Essai sur l'Indifférence*. When the second came out, he wrote a most affectionate and touching letter, appealing from his head to his heart, and imploring him not to go on writing. But it was too late.

We regret that we cannot linger longer over the last days of the Abbé. The difficulties about his establishment at Rennes, which were not settled till just before his death, prevented the return to his native place for which he had hoped, and he remained at Paris. We intended to confine ourselves mainly to his labours in England; and we have not space to dwell, as we could wish, on that wonderful institution of the Feuillantines, where the pupils never met a mistress without an embrace; where the great treat, after some months of study, was a week of what our foolish would-be governesses often call "menial drudgery," and the greatest treat of all was to wait at table on parties of poor people and play with their children; where Mr. (afterwards Cardinal) Weld, whose daughter was married to Lord Clifford in the chapel of the institution, and all the most pious priests in Paris, came for edification and recreation; and whence relief flowed to all the destitute in the city. The good old Abbé died worn out with toil and austerities, the chief of which, such as the wearing of spiked belts and haircloths, were not known till after his death, on the 15th of March 1821. His memory was fresh at Somers-town; and at the Requiem sung for him there the chapel was crowded with rich and poor, all dressed in mourning attire; and the voice of the Bishop preaching was interrupted by sobs and cries of grief. The simple motto on his grave is *Pertransiit benefaciendo*; and to few could the words be more truly applied. "Needy, yet enriching many," might be added as equally appropriate. The Catholics of England, as well as of France, have good reason to thank God for the life and labours of Abbé Carron.

The Gladiators' Song.

ROUND about this grim arena, by the ghosts of thousands haunted,
Beckon'd by our slaughter'd comrades, move we on with hearts un-
daunted,—

Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

Dark the world and always darker, none to comfort, none to love us,
Grisly hell beneath us yawning, deaf or dead the Gods above us,—

Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

Life and flesh and soul and sinew, beating heart and thought up-
soaring,—

Was the goblet of our being crown'd but for this wild outpouring ?

Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

Voices come through dreary silence, still for righteous vengeance
calling—

So we chant our stern defiance—false relentless Rome is falling !

Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

Countless years have tortured nations learn'd the ruth of Roman
mercies—

Ah ! she falls in waste and carnage, 'mid the world's triumphant
curses !

Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

Gleams of vengeance, long delaying, scantily sate the spirit's yearn-
ing—

Guessing, groping, craving, hoping, must we go without returning ?

Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

Onward to our slaughter'd comrades, round th' arena, shadow-
haunted,

On to endless night or morning pass we on with hearts undaunted !

Ave Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant !

A Stormy Life ;

OR

QUEEN MARGARET'S JOURNAL.

PART II.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

SIR PIERCE DE BRACY.

THE Queen and the Prince and we her majesty's servants have made a long voyage through France, and tracked King Lewis from city to city, who still appointeth meeting-places with the Queen, and then cheats her of her hope, and departs often the day before she can arrive, alleging mostly some devout cause or other to give a colour to these deceptions. We have followed this royal will-o'-the-wisp to Poitiers, then to Bordeaux, to Tours, and now to Amboise. Like persons in a dream oppressed with nightmare we seem to approach the end of this long pilgrimage; but ever as we appear able to seize what we pursue, it eludes our grasp. God send he does not intend wholly to deceive her majesty and to drive her to despair! Long journeys prove wearisome after a time even to happy folk; but to those who suffer from a cruel suspense and the sickness of hope deferred, God only knoweth what a torment lieth in them. When the country we traverse is fair and smiling, then the sense of contrast chafes a vexed heart; when gloom and savageness disfigure the scene, a sorrowful mind is yet more saddened by nature's untoward aspect. A royal traveller with a scanty purse endures a thousand discomforts and humiliations. Battles are less terrible than the terrors we have often suffered. The sight of France embitters the Queen's grief. There is no worse loneliness than that of one returning to old familiar scenes whence friends have departed. Her father and her brother are engaged in war with the King of Aragon; her mother dead, and her uncle and aunt, the King Charles and his virtuous wife, also. There is none in this Touraine, where she was once the idol of kings and princes, to give her a welcome; and she is not of good cheer at the news from England. As we travelled alongside the banks of the Loire her eyes sometimes fixed themselves on the pleasant castles and gardens which adorn them. We saw ladies gaily riding on their palfreys, and children with happy faces at play on the terraces; and I heard her say to herself, "There is happiness on earth for all but me." Another time, when at the end of a long day the Prince had fallen asleep with his head against her shoulder, a tear fell from her

eyes on his brow, and she murmured, "O, but for thee I would that that deep stream could receive me into its tranquil bosom, for I have a thirst which kills me!" One hath sent her here a letter written by this eluding king to one of his ministers, and which by a singular hap fell into the hands of that friendly person. This is a copy of it:

"As soon as you receive my letter, come to Amboise. You will find me there preparing for the good cheer I shall have to recompense me for all the trouble of this winter. The Queen of England hath arrived. I pray you to hasten hither, that we may consult on what I have to do. I shall commence on Tuesday, and I expect to play my game to some purpose; so if you have nothing very good to suggest, I shall work it out mine own way, and I assure you I foresee good winnings."

This despatch her majesty cons over with a fevered curiosity, and augurs no good from it. Yet she says it proves at least that he intends at last to see her, and she yet builds hopes on this interview. It is the property of the Queen's mind to attach itself to one means towards her end, and on the success thereof to repose all her confidence. For my part I fear this meeting as if an impetuous noble bird should fly into the meshes of a cruel fowler.

On the Tuesday, as announced, this long-looked-for interview took place. When I saw the King's visage as he came into the Queen's chamber every hope I had—and that was little enough—deserted me. The outward form of this monarch should be a meet clothing for a treacherous soul. The humility of his carriage, his downcast eyes and stealthy step, accord with his renown of hypocrisy. When he went away she looked very pale, but said nothing to me of his visit; but I heard from the Prince, who had been present at the interview, that as soon as he entered she fell down on her knees at his feet, and shed many tears, while she adjured him as her kinsman, and for the love of God and the Blessed Virgin, to aid her with men and money to recover her husband's kingdom.

"And what did his majesty reply, my lord prince?" I said.

"Well, he looked down like this, as if he was counting the squares on the floor, and rolled his beads in his hand all the time. He told the Queen that she should go and pray to Monsieur St. Sauveur at Redon, or to our Lady at Embrun, and that he should himself say a chaplet for her. The Queen answered that she had prayed very hard night and day that his majesty's heart should be touched by her misfortunes, and that he might espouse her quarrel, who was the niece of his own mother, and the most cruelly treated princess in the whole world. O, Lady Margaret, her eyes looked all glowing with fire, and big tears rolled down her cheeks; but the King's eyes are like stones, or little pieces of glass, but not windows, howsoever, that you can see through. He begged the Queen to sit down, and then they had a long discourse together, which I did not well understand; but once he said something—"

"Stop, my lord prince," I quickly said, interrupting his highness; "you do not well to relate nor I to listen to the secrets of their majesties."

"The Queen," he replied, "keeps no secrets from you, Lady Margaret; I heard her say so at Bordeaux when the envoy from the King of Sicily craved a private audience."

This was very true, for I thank God her grace doth greatly confide in her poor servant. Nevertheless I would have the Prince practise even in my regard a discretion so needful to all of his birth and condition. And all the more to such as have to contend with so many enemies. But before long the Queen herself revealed to me the deep game which that royal fox, as he had himself announced, was playing and like to play to the end. Forewarned was not, alas, forearmed in her majesty's case; for poverty and extreme needs of all kinds threw her on his mercy, to whom mercy is, I ween, a word without any sense. He hath an aim, which day by day he pursues, like a cunning angler baiting his hook, with the passionately desired assistance which he holds in sight and yet continues to withhold, alluring with hopes, checking by delays, enticing by evasive words, despairing by sudden refusals. And the while the Queen's money is well-nigh expended, and actual want, like a grim phantom, rises before her. Here she is in the heart of France, whither he has deluded her from place to place, with the Prince and her suite, and must needs turn a common beggar, except she makes terms with this cruel cousin. This has lasted a long time; God only knoweth how it will end.

This morn, several days after I wrote that last page, the Queen asked me with a constrained indifferency what money she yet possessed. She read in my face I dared not answer, and hers turned very white. She was to have an audience with the King at noon. "Get paper and ink," she said to me in a resolved tone, "and straightway write what I shall dictate." I obeyed, and this was what she bade me write:

"Margaret, Queen of England, being empowered by the King of England, Henry the Sixth, her husband, acknowledges the sum of twenty thousand livres lent to her by the King Lewis XI., to the restitution of which she obliges the town and citadel of Calais, promising that as soon as the King her husband shall recover it, he will appoint there as captain his brother, Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, or her cousin, Jean de Foix, Comte de Candale, who will engage to surrender the said town to King Louis XI. within one year as his own, or pay the said King forty thousand livres."

The pen fell from my fingers, and I hid my face in my hands.

"Go to, go to!" she exclaimed impatiently, yet not unkindly; "I know thou lovest me well, but displease me not by comments on my actions."

"O, madame, madame!" I cried, "pardon me; but Berwick yielded to the Scots has robbed you of thousands of English hearts. What shall the loss of Calais do?"

"Heavens! art thou mad?" she rejoined. "Calais is hereby pawned to this royal usurer, not sold to him. His loan repaid twice over shall redeem it."

"They will not report thus of it in England," I said despondingly; "the old lies of your grace's French partialities will revive."

"I tell thee," she cried, "I am like an animal at bay, which wounds itself in its struggles to get free. Wouldst thou have me, Margaret of Anjou, King René's daughter, King Henry's queen, run begging in the streets like the Duke of Exeter, carrying my son with me, and like the famishing women of Naples, throw him at the feet of this king, crying, '*La creatura si muore di fame?*' Give me that piece of parchment."

She signed her name to what I had written, and then slowly uttered as she penned them these words: "Sealed at Chinon, June 1462."

For several hours after she had seen the King, and given this document into his hands, she sat at the window of her chamber silently gazing on the Loire, chewing, I ween, the cud of memories the sweetness of which made the present seem more bitter. Even the Prince's caresses and his innocent prattle failed to win any notice from her, at the which he pouted a little, and went to play in the antechamber with the gentlemen-in-waiting. When the sun declined, and rosy clouds chequered the blue azure of the sky; when a long line of light shone on the glittering water, and a fresh breeze, after a hot burning day, rippled its surface and fanned her cheek, which was burning also, I heard her speaking to herself in this wise:

"O, for an hour's refreshment to my soul like unto this cooling breeze to my hot brow! Youth, joy, hope of departed days, whither have you fled? Fair Loire, pleasant sky of France, sunset hues, gazed on of yore with unthinking glee—for the morrow's promise was yet brighter than the day's delight—now you pain me with your sweetness. This new sadness is insupportable. What is life without hope? and whence shall hope arise? Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and, Esau-like, I have pledged Calais for a few pieces of gold! What is gold without men? What are men without chivalry? O, for an hour of my father's and my brother's aid! O, for a heart and an arm like Pierre d'Aubusson's! Ah, gallant soldier of the cross, scourge of the infidels, do you sometimes think of the night when for the last time we met at Nancy? You verily then chose the good part. Better for a man never to have been born than to love me, or for a woman too," she added, casting her arms about my neck, for I had fallen on my knees before her, gazing on her beloved visage with all the affection of my soul.

"Nay, nay, my sovereign lady," I exclaimed; "love has its own reward. Would to God you loved Him if only as much as I dare to love you!"

"Love Him!" she murmured. "O, awful, terrible God, severe to me only, and merciful to my foes, how can I love Him! If He were just, would that lying hypocrite prosper, and my virtuous king be a fugitive in his own kingdom?"

"Hath He promised *this* world to the good; or rather hath He not said, madame, Blessed are those that mourn; blessed are those that are persecuted? The day of justice will dawn at last. God defend it be not too soon for us all!"

She leant her head despairingly on her hand, and made no reply.

I did not dare to speak again ; but in a few moments the Prince ran into the chamber, climbed on her majesty's knees, and gently drawing her hand from her face, said,

"Mother Queen, there is one here outside the door which would fain see you. I think he loves you very much."

"Who is that, dear heart?" she said with less quickness than was her wont.

"One Sir Pierce de Bracy," his highness said.

"I know not any knight of that name," the Queen replied. "Send Sir John Fortescue to me."

"He is abroad, and Mr. Booth also," the Prince answered. "I pray you let Lady Margaret speak to this gentleman. He is a monsieur, not an Englishman."

"Go, Meg," said her majesty, "see who this stranger may be."

I found in the antechamber a person of very noble mien and figure, who straightway addressed me in French, and in a voice which sounded as if some strong emotion made it falter. "Madame, will the Queen of England dispense with ceremony and grant an audience to one well known to her in bygone days; one who once broke many lances in her honour, and at any time these eighteen years would have given one half of his life to be allowed to spend the other half in her quarrel?"

He paused an instant, and then added,

"Tell her majesty, I pray you, that Pierre de Brézé, the Sénéchal of Normandy, craves to be admitted to her presence."

"O God!" I exclaimed, transported with surprise and joy; for the sighing prayer she had made for one sight of a once familiar friendly face seemed now to be granted,—*"O God! Monsieur le Sénéchal, I ween our Lady hath sent you. Wait till I have told the Queen of your coming."*

"Madame," I cried, trembling with eagerness, "this is a friend indeed who solicits admission; no other than the Sénéchal of Normandy—the *Sieur Pierre de Brézé*."

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "Then I am not wholly forgotten by the brave knights of France."

"I said it was Sir Pierce de Bracy," the Prince resentfully exclaimed.

"Bring him to me," the Queen cried; and straightway she composed her visage, commanded her voice, and when the *sieur* entered and knelt to her, gave him her hand to kiss with as great royalty as if she had been seated on her throne at Westminster. "Welcome, *Messire Pierre*," she said; and then, "This is my son, the Prince of Wales;" but in the utterance of those words her courage broke down, a violent fit of weeping shook her frame, and she vainly essayed to speak.

"Weep on, madame, weep on," *Monsieur de Brézé* cried; "every tear which you shed inflames in my heart a fire which nothing can quench but the blood of those which have drawn these tears from *Marguerite d'Anjou's* eyes. I have waited for this hour with a long patience. When you had other friends, when English lords and

knight surrounded your throne, Pierre de Brézé kept aloof. He was your bedesman and your servant; he consumed his life in empty desires to avenge your wrongs. But at last you are alone; at last you have no court, no army, men say no hope; but, by God, they say not well; for when a quarrel is just, and there are two to fight for it, a queen with a great heart and a soldier with a strong arm, by our Lady of Liesse, there is much hope!"

Then her eyes flashed through their troubled shroud; then she raised her head like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet; then she fixed on Messire Pierre that bright gaze which in early youth had made him madly in love with her, and in a voice which no agitation or passion could rob of its melodiousness, exclaimed,

"Will you indeed help me? Will you fight with me, and for me? Will you espouse my quarrel, deliver my king from his enemies, and be this boy's saviour?"

She looked into her champion's face, and the impassioned fervour of his glance seemed to startle her as, in an almost inarticulate voice, he murmured,

"For love of Marguerite d'Anjou I will serve the English king."

"Messire Pierre," she rejoined, "mistake me not, and let me not mistake you. Will you give me the might of your arm, the ardour of your soul, the blood of your veins, the sweat of your brow, and the risk of your life? Will you follow me in perils, cleave to me in adversity, cross the seas and wander in desert places, suffer and perhaps die by my side, and never seek any other guerdon, never so much as dream of any reward but fame, honour, and the leal gratitude of Margaret the queen, the mother, and the wife?"

"Madame, behold your servant," the sénéchal replied; "behold your knight! If by the feeble aid of my poor arm you recover your kingdom and conquer your foes, I shall have obtained the boon I have asked of God for many a day on my bended knees; and when a Christian soldier thus prays, he mingles no base human thoughts with his high vow."

"God hears you," she replied; "and my trust in you, Messire Pierre, is henceforward without bounds. You say well that there is always hope where justice exists. One hour ago despair had invaded me, but its dark shadow now disappears. In sooth, I have no army—"

"I have five hundred men, madame, ready to take the field for you."

"Five hundred and one, Sir Pierce!" cried the little Prince; "for I will be one of your brave soldiers."

"He is no new soldier, Monsieur le Sénéchal," said the Queen with a proud smile. "He won his spurs at the *journée* of St. Alban, and was knighted on the field of battle by the King his father. You may safely enrol him in your gallant band."

"I will serve under his highness," Monsieur de Brézé said, kissing the Prince's hand. "He will deign himself, I hope, to present a flag to our little army."

The Queen's cheek flushed, and she said with an effort,

"Messire Pierre, men without money are of small avail; I have only twenty thousand livres from King Lewis."

"But I have estates," the sieur replied, "the sale of which shall furnish the cost of our campaign."

"Nay, nay," the Queen exclaimed. "God forbid I should be the ruin of your fortunes. Alas, I have been rash and cruel; but I retract my hasty words. Leave me, leave me, Monsieur de Brézé. God knoweth I am much indebted to you for this hour of revived courage. Dreams sometimes give comfort to the desolate heart. But I will not, O no, I will not drag one who hath had a noble and persistent love for me into the abyss of my misfortune. I have never had a friend to whom his affection for me did not prove fatal. Leave me, Pierre de Brézé, leave me. Blood hath marked each of my years with a terrible impress. Sometimes I think I am accursed of God."

"Come, come, madame," the sénéchal cried; "you have learnt in England to be superstitious. You need French enlivenment to charm away melancholy. *Mort de Dieu!* the worst curse in the world is despondency, and to laugh the sovereign remedy in the ills of life. We will make this time a merry campaign; and if French valour and French gaiety fail to turn the tide of success in our favour, why, then, I will turn a monk for the rest of my days. But, madame, I promise you I shall not laugh if your majesty again insults me by any like speeches to your last. It is *à la vie et à la mort* that I am your servant; and at the point of my sword I will defend my right to that title."

The Queen's spirits from that hour revived, and at a higher pitch than at any previous time. A more bold and reckless spirit seemed to govern her actions. I think she sometimes drowned thought in merriment, or else the gaiety of Sir Pierce de Bracy, as the Prince always called him, proved contagious. He travelled with us to the northern coast of France; and albeit my perhaps too timid nature recoiled from his impetuous daring and adventurous spirit—which nevertheless well accorded with the Queen's dispositions—I yet rejoiced that she had found a partisan so generous and noble, who, albeit he worshipped her with incredible devotion, never for one instant and in the most singular haps transgressed the bounds of the most profound and reverent respect.

CHAPTER XXX.

A CHAPTER OF LETTERS.

FOR the first time since his birth the Queen hath parted from the Prince. She would not expose his tender years to the severe hardships of a campaign in the midst of the winter. Nothing would content her majesty but that I should stay here at Berwick with his highness to watch over his health and his school, during Sir John's absence, and as often as should be possible let her know

of his well-doing; which trust I hope to discharge to her contentment, and according to the rules she laid down for his manner of life. Such as, that he shall rise every morning at a convenient hour, and till he be ready none to enter his chamber but his attendant and a priest to sing Matins; that he hear every day divine service, and on principal feasts likewise a sermon; that he breakfast immediately after Mass, and be occupied an hour at his school before he goes to meat, and to be at his dinner at a convenient hour; and there be read before him (which office I daily perform) noble stories, such as it behoves a prince to understand; and above all things to procure that all the communications in his presence be of virtue, honour, cunning wisdom, and deeds of worship, and of nothing that shall move him to vice. After his meat, to eschew idleness he is to be occupied two hours at his school, and afterwards to be shown convenient disports and exercises. He is to go at a becoming hour to his even-song, and soon after to be at his supper; and then have such honest recreation as can be devised for his grace. I pray my heart doth not set itself with too great worship on this prince. As he increaseth in years, I notice in his disposition as well as in his visage the various excellences of both his parents. If he is at his prayers, or if talk is ministered of God and His saints, or of goodness to the poor, or of learning which shall make a man wise unto salvation, then the holy aspect of the King is to be seen in this small counterpart of his majesty. If chivalrous acts, or noble daring, or playful wit form the theme of discourse, straightway in his lustrous eyes and sudden smile a likeness to the Queen appears. He hath written down in a little book the names of all the princes he can read or hear of, which in their young years have been great and good, and studies to copy them; and he is very devout to kings which have been saints—foremost to his patron St. Edward, and then to St. Lewis. Some days ago he said to me, "Lady Margaret, when I was in France, I heard my father called an unfortunate king. Think you not that when St. Lewis was sick and a prisoner he was likewise called unfortunate? and yet we think him now most fortunate in his godliness. It might so be that my father should be one day canonised, and then every one will call him blessed. Think you he will be titled St. Henry in after times, when we shall all be dead?"

"God only knoweth, my lord prince," I answered. "Of this I am assured, that he will be called the holy king."

Then he thought a little, and said,

"Great soldiers have been saints—there was St. Sebastian and St. Maurice; and my ancestor Charlemagne and the good King Alfred fought battles and conquered their enemies." A beautiful smile illumined his face, and he added, "I pray God to make me holy like my father, and as brave a soldier as my mother; for albeit she fights not with a sword in her hand, methinks she hath a heart the most valiant God ever made. And the King likewise is very brave. He would fight too if he was not stricken with sickness; my mother told me so. Yet he said to me once that war is naught

else than fury and madness; that therein is rashness, not advice, and in it rage, not right, ruleth and reigneth."

"I ween his majesty spoke of civil broils," I replied.

"Ay; he said it tortured his heart to see his subjects slaughtered, and that he would the Christian lords and nobles turned their arms against the Turks; and I would so too; but I would fight also to recover his kingdom, and it sorely displeases me that the Queen leaves me shut up here, when two years ago I fought by her side at St. Alban's. It ill becometh a knight to be at his school like a clerk when war is going on. It chafes me, Lady Margaret, to be so used."

"Patience, my lord prince," I said; "many a bloody field you may yet see; and obedience is a soldier-like virtue."

"I wot not," he answered, smiling, "if it be a virtue when one is compelled to it." Then after a pause he said, "I think neither St. Lewis, nor St. Edward, nor my father the King, would have said what I did when Mr. Booth told me those cowardly French hired troops, which abandoned us on the coast where we landed, because they heard that Lord Warwick was nigh with forty thousand men, were all cut in pieces in Holy Island by Sir Robert Ogle."

"What did you say, my lord prince?" I asked.

Then, colouring a little, he answered: "I said I was glad, for that they merited to be killed."

"But they had sought sanctuary," I said, "and their lives should have been spared."

"But it was so base of them to fly to their ships and leave the Queen, and me, and you, and Mr. Booth, and Sir Pierce de Bracy on the shore alone."

"But God showed favour to those whom men thus forsook," I said; "for whereas their tall goodly ships were dashed to pieces on the rocks near Bamborough, the little fishing-boat which we sailed in bore us safely through that great storm to this place."

"Did the great waves affright you very much, Lady Margaret?" the Prince asked me.

"Not a little," I replied; "but I said Hail Marys all the time, and that gave me courage."

"I liked," he said, "to feel the spray in my face, and to be tossed up and down by the big waves. Sometimes I thought we should be drowned; but Sir Pierce laughed with such good cheer at those green monsters, as he called them, and made wry faces when the boat lay on one side, that I laughed too. I am sorry I said I was glad that those Frenchmen were killed. But if the usurper was slain, I must needs rejoice, Lady Margaret, or if Lord Warwick's head was cut off."

"Yea, because their deaths would end the war," I replied, "and thus save the lives of many good men. But methinks, my lord prince, if you should see that wicked earl's children weeping because their father was dead, you would be a little sad thereat."

"O, poor little sweet Anne Neville!" he cried. "I will pray the King to forgive her father when he is vanquished. I hope the

Queen will not order his head to be cut off before I see her, Lady Margaret. I like not the Princess of Scotland one half so well as Anne Neville. She is not pretty and winsome like her. Cannot a prince marry an earl's daughter? My aunt Yolande married the Comte de Vaudémont, and a count in French signifies an earl."

"But the Earl of Warwick," I answered, "is a traitor; and the Queen would as lief your highness married any wench of low degree as his daughter."

The Prince looked grave, and said: "I would there were no traitors. Is it true that the usurper calls us traitors?"

"Yea, and verily holds you to be such," I answered.

"But then if he thinketh he hath a right to the throne, he is not so wicked."

"He is most wicked," I replied; and to end this talk I told his highness it was time to learn his lessons.

Whilst I was at Berwick I received letters of notable curiosity, which I shall now transcribe. The first was from the Lady Isminia Bouchier, which had been one of the Queen's maids before she married:

"RIGHT WELL-BELOVED FRIEND,—A trusty man from this neighbourhood will ride within three days to Berwick, and will do me the good to carry this letter to you; for report saith you have landed there with the Queen. I would have you to know that I was staying at Grafton Castle with my husband in the month of September, and I should be glad if what I had seen and heard there had been other than what it was. The Duchess of Bedford and Lord Rivers profess a marvellous great worship towards the King and our sovereign lady the Queen when any of their lovers and adherents are present. But methinks I shall do well by your means to advertise her majesty to be on her guard touching these warm friends. I had been told in London that no small wonder was created amongst the Yorkists when their so-called king continued to pay to the Duchess Jaquetta and her husband the stipend of the dower she holds of the crown, and moreover, as is said in the entry of the rolls, that, affectionately considering the benefit of her grace and her husband, he had disbursed one hundred pounds thereof in advance. There was a revived talk in consequence of the duchess's dealings with one I will not name, so incredible did this favour appear towards a family the most devoted to the King and the Queen of any in the realm. I promise you, the bare thought of these surmises made me averse to sleep under the same roof as her grace. Her affability disarms the most inimical persons. I pray God it be a lawful effect, and not diabolical influence. Her smile hath in it a baleful sweetness, like unto that of honey when the bees have fed on poison. My husband refused to credit any of the reports which went to prove her grace disloyal to the King. Our Lady defend she did not cast a spell upon him! He was angered when I said she was commonly impugned for witchcraft, and said many a virtuous woman, which no other accusation could

touch, had been attacked falsely of this crime; and that there is not a more cruel thing in the world than to give ear to these reports,—how so much the more to spread them! But, spell or no spell, witchcraft or no witchcraft, my lord hath been forced to suspect the loyalty of this lady and her kindred.

“Lady Gray and her children were likewise at that time at Grafton, after the battle of St. Albans and Lord Gray’s death, who was most detested by the Yorkists. They were deprived of their inheritance of Bradgate, and she depends on her mother for their support, and even the clothes they wear. She is more fair than ever she was. Her weeds heighten her natural fairness, and sorrow lends a charm to her beauty. She is sometimes chidden by her parents for her persistent grief, and then tears fall on her delicate cheeks like dew-drops on a rose. Talking of a rose, the proverb saith, ‘*In vino veritas* ;’ but I say, give me a child’s prattle, and then the truth shall transpire. One day I was playing at closheys on the bowling-green with little John Gray, who is four years old—a winsome urchin, full of frolic and merriment. As he was running to and fro to pick up the fallen pins, he began to sing this lay—I leave you to judge how well it sounded in mine ears :

‘Now is the rose of Rouen grown to great honour;
Therefore sing we every one, aye blessed be that flower!
I warn ye every one, that ye shall understand .
There sprung a rose in Rouen that spread to England.
Had not the rose of Rouen been, all England had been dour.
Aye blessed be the time God ever spread that flower !

The rose he came to London, full royally riding;
Two archbishops of England they crowned the rose king.
Almighty Lord, save the rose, and give him Thy blessing,
And all the realm of England joy for his crowning!
Had not the rose of Rouen been, all England had been dour.
Aye we may bless the time God ever spread that flower.’

‘Prithee, Johnny,’ I said, disguising my trouble, ‘who learnt thee that song?’ ‘My grandam,’ he replied, ‘when she was playing on the gittern.’ This so confirmed my suspicions, that I had no patience afterwards to listen to that fair-spoken duchess when she bemoaned the misfortunes of ‘our holy sovereign, and of her entirely beloved cousin the Queen.’ On the morrow I was sick with vexation and secret wrath, and, as is my wont when in this case, I went early abroad to walk in the cool air under the trees of the park. All outward things were sweet and fair that day, as if there had been no pain and trouble in the world. It was warm for the time of the year; the bees busily plied their trade amidst the wild honeysuckles and the patches of thyme; the squirrels ran up the trunks of the trees; and nature’s sweet carpenter the woodpecker was hard at its work. I forgot a little while my uneasiness in thinking of the goodness of God, who hath scattered over the earth so many beauties, like fragments of the once perfect whole which was paradise. As I was thus musing, a herd of red deer came sweeping across the glen

where I was, and my terror of these animals awoke me as from a dream. I ran as fast as I could in the contrary direction whence they came, and so into the Forest of Whittlebury; and when I stopped to take breath and look about me, I mistook one green alley for another, and became bewildered in the intricacies of the chase. After wandering about some time unable to find my way, I sat down to rest on the trunk of a tree. When I had sat there a few moments, lo and behold! at a short distance from me I saw Lady Gray dismounting from her palfrey, and her two children with her; she took one in her arms and the other in her hand, and advanced with them towards a fine oak, beneath which she seated herself on the grass. My first thought was to rise and approach her; but a sudden diffidence restrained me, and I remained concealed from her sight by the boughs of the underwood. Her attendants withdrew, and she stayed there under the spreading branches, through which the sun shone on the grass, chequering it with quaint patterns. Little John Gray kept darting to and fro in chase of butterflies, but she quickly recalled him; and I thought she seemed ill at ease, ever and anon walking a few paces forward and looking up and down the vistas of the forest, and then returning to the same place where she was before. The children gathered flowerets and gave them to her; she took them from their hands, but soon let them fall again. When a little time had elapsed I was startled by the sound of a horn, which was twice again repeated; and then I saw a horseman appear at the end of one of the green alleys of the chase. Lady Gray rose, and with a child in each hand advanced a few steps towards the approaching rider. As he came near I felt the blood rush into my face; for I perceived, to my no small amaze, but so evidently that I could not doubt of it, that this was no other than the Earl of March, the so-called king. I could hardly draw my breath, I was so keen to watch what should happen. When he was quite nigh to her, she fell on her knees, clasping her children to her bosom. He reined in his horse, glanced at her face, and straightway his own became suffused with a deep flush. He hastily dismounted, and she fell at his feet. He tried to raise her; and then she lifted up towards him her lovely visage, which I had never seen so beautiful. Tears adorn this lady as much as they disfigure others. They roll down her cheeks like a stream of live pearls, and the composure and restraint of her grief lends to it a womanhood and sweetness which I could not choose but admire, though I was so angry. I could perceive that the usurper was enraptured with that beseeching countenance. He looked as if he could have remained there an age gazing on it. Some talk passed betwixt them, and then Lady Gray made a very low obeisance and retired a step or two, taking her children by the hand. The so-called king bowed in return, and remounted his horse; she remained standing with her eyes fixed on the ground till he was out of sight, then summoned her attendants and prepared to depart. I stepped forward; and when she saw me she gave a start of surprise, and inquired how I came to be so early abroad. I said I had strayed and lost my way, but indignantly added, 'I wish you joy, Lady Gray, of

your audience. I had not thought to have seen the widow of Lord Gray at the feet of Edward Plantagenet.' She replied with great gentleness: 'Sweet Lady Bouchier, the widow of Lord Gray must stifle the dearest feelings of her heart to save from ruin his innocent children.' She makes no secret of this interview; and if anyone charges her with it in a reproachful wise, she says: 'A mother will go into a lion's den for her child's sake; I made my suit to him who alone can restore to my babes their natural inheritance.' But I ween, Lady Margaret, this plain narrative, and the song of the rose of Rouen, which I told you of, will open your eyes, as it hath done mine, touching the loyalty of Grafton Castle. Your wisdom will, I doubt not, find means to warn the Queen of this lamentable defection, though it cuts me to the heart that she should learn how lukewarm is the affection, not to say false, of persons whom she has loaded with benefits. Our Lord be with you!

"ISMINIA BOUCHIER.

"Written hastily on the 3d of November 1462."

This letter did not come to hand until some time after it was despatched. Since then I have heard that the usurper hath made more visits than one to Grafton Castle, and report saith he is enamoured of Lady Gray. O God! who can marvel if women, like weak saplings, yield to the pressure of triumphant treason, when those we had deemed oaks for strength and firmness—men of tried fidelity, such as the Dukes of Exeter, Somerset, and Suffolk—have faltered in their allegiance, and negotiated their peace with the usurper? albeit now they give tokens of repentance and return to duty, which I pray may prove sincere. God forgive me! but in matters of faith and honour and dutiful allegiance, when a man hath once offended, I can never trust him more. God only, and those which are like Him, have patience with such. I am yet far from the perfection which I promised Jeanne to aim at; but verily there is more difficulty in bearing with the world's cruel malice and its base treachery than those wot of which are removed from its daily effects.

A messenger brought the letter I will now copy from the Queen to the lord prince at Berwick, in January 1463. It was written in French, but I have done it into English:

"MY ENTIRELY-BELOVED AND MOST DEAR SON, — I wot you would fain be with me at this time; and if I listened only to the great desire I have of your sight and sweet company, it would not be long before that came to pass which we have both so great reason to desire. But your young years, and the exceeding great importance which exists that by a regular and convenient manner of life your body should be strengthened and your mind furnished with good learning and nurture, constrain me most reluctantly to endure a separation otherwise most grievous. The Lady Margaret de Roos, or your tutor, will have, I doubt not, informed you of what I let them know, that is, of the success of our arms since I left Berwick.

The King hath now joined me, and is, I thank God, in very good health at the present time, and sends you his paternal blessing. The Queen of Scotland hath furnished me with a power of men; and under the leadership of Monsieur de Brézé, they took the fortresses of Bamborough, Dunstanburgh, and Alnwick. This last place was garrisoned by Messire Pierre and the five hundred French knights which have volunteered in my quarrel. I leave you to judge, gentle son, of my despair when I learnt that my Lord Warwick, my evil genius, had with twenty thousand men invested that castle, and there seemed not so much as a hope of escape for this noble band. I could neither eat nor sleep for thinking of their sore plight; and nothing until then, I think, had caused me so much disquietude as the danger of these brave men. Then in this urgent distress I bethought myself of Lord Angus, the most in renown in his own country and beyond it for valour, of a family where to be valiant is a never-failing heritage. Who says 'a Douglas,' says 'a chevalier sans peur et sans reproche;' as in France when one names a Bayard. I made suit to him that he should rescue by some means this flower of French chivalry encompassed, like a lion in a net, by the forces of these Saxon miscreants. He listened to my tale, and replied in six words—the briefest and most welcome answer I ever in my life received. 'Madame,' quoth he, 'I will do my best.' And presently, with one thousand riders leading five hundred horses saddled and bridled, he rides straight to Alnwick Castle, and spreads his followers, by favour of the night, in one long line in view of Warwick's army, which amuses the rebels, and sets them wondering what puissance he hath behind him lying in ambush; the while he sends the five hundred horses, under cover of his front, to the postern gate of the fortress; and before the enemy hath time to think or move the garrison, is mounted, and with, I promise you, no small speed gallop with their saviours to the Border. Lord Angus's words at his return were almost as brief as at his *congé*. 'Madame, here is a present for you—your five hundred French knights.' And now methinks this story, sweet son, will please you likewise more than twenty presents. I pray God we had more friends like Lord Angus and the Sieur de Brézé; then we should soon see an end of rebellion and treason. When the year is a little advanced there must needs be a great battle, which will decide this campaign. We suffer at present incredible hardships, which the King endures with godly patience, never so much as once complaining of his scanty fare, or rude couch, or great fatigue; wherein, gentle son, thou shouldst study to copy his example, and to be content to lack many things which other young princes enjoy. Thine is a rough training; but when this long struggle is ended thou wilt be more fitted to wear a crown than royal striplings nurtured only in pomp and pleasure. If in my young years I had not shared the many vicissitudes of my parents' fortunes, I misdoubt if I should now so well endure long warfare and privations. And now, sweet son, my gentle boy, more beloved than any son by any mother in the whole world, I commend thee to the blessing of the Holy Trinity and our Lady, and all the

saints. Be not forgetful to pray each day that God may avenge us of our enemies, and prosper our arms.—Thy tender loving mother,

“MARGARET THE QUEEN.”

At the end of March my own father, the Lord de Roos, who had returned to England with the Queen's French volunteers, wrote to me as followeth :

“MY MOST DEAR DAUGHTER,—I am now with their majesties nigh unto Hexham, whither they have advanced to give battle to the rebel forces. Somerset and many others have returned to their allegiance. God send us victory, for a decisive blow is to be struck. If I live, and we win the day, I look to seeing thee, my dear child, in great triumph and joy; and happy days may follow. If I die, be my bedeswoman, and pray for my poor soul. I was, I thank God, shriven yestereve; and so God will be pitiful to me, I hope, if I fall in the fight. Thou wilt not be far off, I ween, from the field of battle; for the Queen, who is confident of success, hath sent for the lord Prince; as she herself will not be in the *mêlée*, but nigh at hand, she chooses to have him with her, come what may. And her majesty looks that her good Meg, as she styles thee, will conduct my lord the Prince to her. Fare thee well. We have spent but few days together on earth, sweet daughter, and have unknown visages to each other. But in Paradise we shall not be strangers, I ween; and sith we meet not again in a less good place, receive now the blessing of thy loving father,

THE LORD DE ROOS.”

I conducted the lord Prince to his mother; and on the next day the battle was fought. This was the Queen's writing in her book in the night before the battle :

“I cannot sleep, so I will write, to make the time pass more quickly than by watching the dying embers of this poor fire. Somerset, Hungerford, De Brézé, and the lately-arrived Lord de Roos have retired, after holding a council of war; and I was alone then with the King and Edward, who sat on his father's knee; and I listened to the talk they held together, as if they had been two angels discoursing, and this earth we live in exchanged for an unreal world, where goodness and truth and love prevailed. All the past and coming turmoil seemed to subside for one brief hour into a vision of peace. It was pretty to see the boy lay his blooming cheek against his father's pale visage and fondly stroke his cheeks. The King questioned him of his school, and would see how he had advanced in learning; for, quoth he, ‘Virtue and knowledge are the only treasures any man can call his own: for the rest this verse showeth, sweet son, what I have learnt in these changeful years; and thou shouldst commit the lines to memory, and call them King Henry's lay :’*

‘Kingdoms are but cares,
State is devoid of stay,

* Sir John Harrington gives these lines as King Henry the Sixth's own composition.

Riches are ready snares,
And hasten to decay;
Pleasure a secret pride,
Which vice doth still provoke;
Pomp vain, and fame a flame;
Pow'r a smouldering smoke.
Who meaneth to remove the rock
Out of the slimy mud
Shall mire himself, and hardly 'scape
The swelling of the flood.'

Alas, sweet King, not thine but my soul hath mired itself, and I have too often lost my footing in the swelling flood! 'Ah, gentle son!' then he exclaimed, 'I would Eton and Cambridge and my good friend Bishop Waynfleet's beloved Oxford had the care I once gave them, and will again, if God restores me to the throne!' 'Sire,' I said, 'the Bishop of Winchester doeth homage to the usurper, and is therefore no friend to your majesty.' 'Fie, fie; say not so, sweet Margaret,' the King replied; 'a Bishop must yield the dearest allegiance he doth hold for the sake of his flock; and when an unlawful king reigns unopposed, the ministers of God submit, albeit with a painful submission.' 'This is a new doctrine,' I cried, 'and an easy one for cowards.' 'Nay, nay,' he said; 'the shepherd must not forsake his flock because the owner thereof is banished. I warrant you, sweet wife, that that holy man loves his king more than many which wag their tongues at him for his needful conformity.' 'I would God made bad persons to die,' Edward cried, 'and then we should see He misliked them.' 'Come hither, gentle son,' the King said, 'and listen to these words of Holy Writ: "The just that is dead condemns the wicked that are living, and youth soon ended the long life of the unjust."' 'Is it good, then, to die young?' quoth the boy. 'Yea, if one hath been made perfect in a short space he hath fulfilled a long time, and then if God removes him hence he is blest.' 'Sweet King,' I said, 'Edward will continue the noble foundations and pious works you have raised in this land, if your life hath not sufficient length of years for the great ends you would achieve.' He laid his hand on his son's head, and said, 'God bless thee, Ned; be a good lad;' and so dismissed him to his bed. Some say—and it is much credited by the poorer sort—that the King hath the gift of prophecy. God defend this should be true, for from his lips no word of hope hath cheered me this night. When Edward was gone I knelt by his side, and said, 'Bless me also, sire. Have you no word of comfort for your poor wife and servant?' He took my hand, and answered, 'God knoweth I bless thee, sweet Margaret; but ill can I give the only comfort I know thou dost seek. I am not like the Earl of Warwick, who crowns and discrowns kings at his pleasure. My arm hath no strength; God's sweet will hath paralysed me. And on my mind, if I strive to compass worldly ends, dark shadows fall, making deep nights in the midst of my days. In an evil hour for thee, poor Margaret, thou didst link thy fate with his on whom are visited the sins of others as well as, God knoweth, many of his own, albeit not wilfully committed.' 'Nay, sire,' I cried, kissing his hand, 'call it not an evil

hour. When I wedded the sweet rose of Lancaster I embraced with it all its thorns, and God forbid I should lament my destiny. If we suffer, Edward shall be great. His father's virtues shall warrant him prosperity.' 'St. John! speak not so rashly. Who knoweth his secret offences, and shall dare to think himself good? And O, sweet wife, gentle wife, is there no stain of blood on our hands? Are there no evil passions in our hearts to call down God's judgments?' 'Not in your heart, sire. They rage in mine; but had I been meek like you, poor should be Edward's hope of a throne.' 'On earth or in heaven?' the King asked, which angered me; and I said, 'Let heaven alone for a while, sire; there are royal duties to be performed in this world.' 'Yea,' he replied, 'I know it; and therefore am I here in the midst of these civil broils, wherein I suffer so great anguish that to die would be better. I know it; the throne of a great kingdom is a trust from God, and none may forsake his assigned post.' 'There spoke my noble king!' I cried; and then I saw his face turn pale and drops of sweat on his brow, as he exclaimed, 'They come before me even now the ghosts of those which shall die to-morrow. I see them—the wounded, the dying, the dead—the mangled bodies lying in blood on the cold hard ground, and a long troop of unshriven, sin-burdened souls dropping into hell like autumn leaves in a hurricane. O God, save them! O God, have pity! O, spare my people! Let every earthly hope perish. Let my life be one long suffering, and my death a terrible one for the body, and what I love most take it from me before I die; but let not immortal souls for which the good Jesus died perish in my quarrel. O God, have mercy!' Then he sunk back exhausted. Now he is asleep! but ever and anon I hear him cry in his dreams, 'Stop the carnage; save my people; deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord!' Alas! if I am to struggle on in the sacred cause I have in hand; if my heart is to be strong and my soul brave, I must part for a while with the King. I must live not with saints, but with men of fiery spirit and desperate resolve. Woman's softness gains upon me. If once I yield to it, if I cease to be fierce, I shall be weak. Clifford's wild hate, De Brézé's reckless merriment, are the medicines I need. Ah, the day is dawning! My God! give us victory!"

Early Days of the Paris Police.

I. THE REFORMS OF LA REYNIE.

THERE are certain portions of history, as there are certain lives and characters of individuals, of which it is difficult to grow weary. Often as the story is touched upon, or as such a life or character is presented to us, some new light or shadow is thrown upon it, and fresh interest is evolved. In regard to the historical periods, it is often remarked that the more powerful interest is apt to gather round some centre not in itself grand, admirable, or heroic, but which nevertheless possesses some qualities,—of political sagacity, administrative power, or the art of gathering together noble elements in others,—which develops and turns them to the fullest account. Such periods are the reign of our own Queen Elizabeth, the pontificate of Leo X., and, as a more comprehensive example, the times of Louis XIV. of France. Much as has been told and written of this latter time, and of its dramatic groups of great or well-known names, the fertility of its stores of entertainment and painful interest seems without end. And as of late several points of the social policy of Louis XIV.—of more significant interest than his pompous wars,—have been collected and made known, we proceed to turn them over, together with some others, and see whether they will yield the interest they promise.

The long and cruel civil wars of the League, which had lasted more than thirty years, from the time when after the Day of the Barricades Henry III. fled from Paris, soon to be assassinated by Clement, and to leave the throne to Henry of Navarre, had reduced France to such a condition of disorder, poverty, and famine, that the chronicles of the time read more like fables than the actual records of a powerful Christian kingdom. As usual, the worst aspect of affairs was to be found in the capital; and the year after the accession of Henry IV. (1590) we read a very curious account of the "pitiful condition" in which he found his "eldest daughter" Paris, who "refused to receive him as her father and King," while yielding herself to the worst traitors and foreigners to despoil, and who had also allowed her to perish with hunger.* That same year, the gates

* "Henri de Bourbon . . . légitimement venant à la succession de la couronne de France, la trouvé dans un piteux état . . . sa fille aînée la

of the city having been closed for ten or twelve days, and no provisions having been allowed to enter, a most cruel famine indeed raged throughout Paris. On this account the populace assembled in the streets with loud cries and groans, which brought out some of the royal dukes and principal nobles of the city to address them and inquire into their state. An order was then issued that every wealthy person having in his house more than two months' provision of corn or meal should send the surplus to the markets and bakers' shops to be sold at a fair price. "Which," adds the quaint relation, "was not done;" so that although the houses of the rich were well furnished at that moment, the poor continued to starve. They devoured bones, and even leather; and being then finally reduced to eat grass and roots, became thoroughly weary of the Leaguists with whom they had hitherto held. More stringent measures were then adopted: a house-to-house visitation was set on foot—12,300 houses of the poor were numbered,—and every householder was ordered to give up his dog and cat, and to present himself at some certain place for soup. Under this condition the unsuspecting citizens gladly gave up their live stock, which was boiled down with herbs and vegetables or pulse, and every one received a due portion of the savoury mess, with an ounce of bread. It will be borne in mind, therefore, by those who entertain dainty suspicions of the pâtés and sausages of certain faubourgs of Paris, that they are only carrying out the ancient traditions of the city. But at length even the dogs and cats were exhausted, and the soup-kitchens came to an end; and so fearful did the famine then become that people died of exhaustion in the streets, and as there were not living enough to bury them, it is said that all Paris was full of dead bodies. Two dreadful stories of that time are told with the collected calm of the ancient chroniclers in the *Archives Curieuses*. One, of a gentleman of rank who offered an enormous price for a little dog belonging to Madame de Montespan, that he might be saved from starvation. The dog was refused him, being reserved for her own eating, and the poor gentleman died with great resignation. The other, far more fearful, of a lady who substituted weights in the coffins for the bodies of her two little children, which she gave to her household for food.

No surprise can be felt, therefore, when we find, even in the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV., that Paris was full of robbers,

ville de Paris ni le voulant avouir ni recevoir pour père et pour Roy ayant aussey reçu des déloyaux étrangers, lesquels en ont fait à leur plaisir . . . tant que ses membres tombent par morceaux . . . pour la faim qu'elle endure."
—*Bref Traité des Misères de la Ville de Paris*,—*Archives Curieuses*.

cut-throats, and the most skilful and determined thieves. Boileau's lines beginning,

"Aussitôt que du soir les ombres pacifiques
D'un double cadenas font fermer les boutiques,"

are only a faint transcription of the state of the capital. Unlit, unpaved, very insufficiently guarded, with the Isle de Notre Dame and Isle aux Vaches but newly covered with buildings, while the Faubourgs St. Honoré, Montmartre, and Ville Neuve had not long been included in the city walls, and a rickety wooden bridge still led up to the very gate of the Tuileries,* Paris was in fact one of the worst-ordered and most dangerous capitals of Europe. Those who have delighted to wander among the narrow old streets—now, alas! no more,—surrounding Notre Dame and the Hôtel de Ville, or to lose themselves, entangled in the labyrinths beneath St. Etienne du Mont, will understand what some such defiles must have been at night when unlit, and when the streets swarmed with discharged soldiers, disbanded mercenaries, and the malcontents of all kinds who haunted Paris after the League wars.

We read of *twenty-six* assassins being condemned at one time to be broken on the wheel and hung on gibbets in the Place de Grève, *if they could be arrested*; if not, the sentence was to be executed in effigy; in fact, as the murderers were never apprehended, it was carried out by hanging pictures to the gibbets.† What was the effect does not appear; but probably crime was not thereby much lessened, as most singular scenes, foreshadowing those of a later period, continued to convulse the city, and leave their remains in the soldiers, idlers, "*goujats*," and vagabonds, who, like so much vermin, infested the streets. During one of these, the Rue Neuve Notre Dame was barricaded with chains; street dirt and stones were piled up on heaps; and the destruction, uproar, and loss of life was pitiable to behold. We

* In the reign of Louis XIII. these islands were still green meadows; the ditches running around the walls excluding these extensive faubourgs were full of most unclean and stagnant water; and in an old satire, called *Paris Ridicule*, the walls, ramparts, and towers or *tourelles*, of the city are declared to be crumbling to pieces, "ready to fall at the first beat of the drum." The wretched author of this and worse satires, Petit, suffered the extreme punishment of being burnt on the Place de Grève. The present Pont Royal only replaced the wooden bridge in 1685.—*Archives Curieuses*.

† The sentence was, that they should be "*pendez et étranglez à potences croisées, plantées à cest effect audit Place de la Grève, si pris et apprehendez . . . en leur personne, si non par effigies en tableaux*."—*Registre du Greffe de Parlement*.—*Archives Curieuses*.

then learn that fifty archers of the guard, or *guet*, paraded the streets as police.*

In the processions of that century, and especially at the entry of Henry IV. into Paris, we find the trade guilds established as the chief municipal guard, and marching in bands, with arms and a livery distinctive of each trade. In 1539, when the Emperor Charles V. made a triumphal entry to visit Francis I., there were present four "eschevins," or sheriffs, of Paris; one hundred arquebusiers in livery, with their old-fashioned arquebusses; six archers of the city of Paris, mounted and carrying javelins, like a sheriff's javelin-men of our own day; sixty *arbelustriers*, also armed with pikes or javelins; and eight sergeants de ville. According to this enumeration there were, for the whole city and faubourgs of Paris, but one hundred and seventy-four policemen for day and night duty. It is not, therefore, much to be wondered at that the murderers were gibbeted in effigy only. There was indeed a *Prévôt des Marchands*, or kind of *Préfet de la Seine*, but as was to be looked for, the smallness of the guard, and the continual brawls between the armed guilds and the street ruffians, led to a greater increase of crime, and the city *guet* was accordingly disbanded. By what folly the *guet* royal of only twenty horse and twenty foot soldiers came to be substituted in its place, it is impossible to say; but street murder so flourished in consequence, that it became an every-day occurrence for passengers going about their business to find dead bodies pierced with sword-thrusts at the corners of the streets or in the *culs-de-sac*; and the royal guard was raised in consequence to two hundred and seventy-two foot and twenty-two horse soldiers. The next step was that the provostship was abolished, and two lieutenancies of police—"of the long and short robe"—were instituted in its place.

And then came the great time, the long and eventful reign of Louis XIV.; and with it Colbert, the Walsingham of France, and with Colbert the new era of police, and a better state of affairs. There were at that time a body of men called Masters of Requests,† who formed a kind of perpetual civil-service staff, from which officials of all kinds were chosen at the option of the minister, and placed in various posts to test their ability and character. Among these was a young Master, a native of Limoges, the son of a man named Nicolas, who filled the offices of Counsellor of State and Prefect (*présidial*) of Limoges. The young Nicolas was thus almost born to the legal *rabat* and gown, and was from the earliest age destined to the bar. At

* *Histoire véritable de ce qui est advenu à Paris*,—*Archives Curieuses*.

† *Maîtres des Requêtes de l'Hôtel*.

twenty years of age he married the daughter of another lawyer, named Des Barrats, who brought him a considerable fortune. His own father then made over to him his property of La Reynie, for which name he dropped the family one of Nicolas. The young La Reynie then bought himself some office in Angoulême, and was afterwards employed at Bordeaux and in Guienne. When the terrible troubles of the Fronde resulted in civil war, La Reynie warmly espoused the king's, or Catholic, side, and made head against the great Condé, who took and pillaged his chateau, and obliged its master to fly for his life. He took refuge with the Duke d'Epemon, who introduced him to the king and queen, and with whom he retired to Burgundy, where he became known to the king's favourite minister, Cardinal Mazarin. The cardinal, however, does not appear to have possessed discernment enough to discover the valuable qualities hidden under the reserve of La Reynie's character, and he accordingly remained in the service of the duke until his death, which took place in 1661. For the second time, then, La Reynie purchased his own promotion to a Mastership of Requests, which cost him the very considerable sum of 350,000 livres. At this stage of progress he became known to the celebrated Minister of Finance, Colbert, who despatched him on a mission to the ports of France, to examine and report upon the administration of the admiralty, which, like other portions of the internal government, at that time appears to have fallen into a state of decay and abuse. While quietly and carefully prosecuting these inquiries, La Reynie was surprised by a sudden recall, and the news that he was appointed to the Lieutenantancy of Police. This was one of those master-strokes of policy by which Colbert gained the gratitude of the king, and the respect and good-will of all lovers of order in France. It was well, when La Reynie was thus suddenly transferred from an inferior post to be the third, or, considering his confidential position with the king, perhaps the second man in France, that he possessed in an eminent degree the sagacity, justice, and dignity which led him to reform abuses, and to change the whole face of affairs with unflinching courage; while at the same time he bore himself with a modesty and singleness of character which never failed to inspire respect and esteem.

"Order and rule"—such was from the very first La Reynie's watchword; and, as we have seen, never were order and rule more needed than now. The acting police at that moment consisted of one hundred and twenty horsemen and one hundred and sixty light-armed foot soldiers—the latter being known as archers of the guard; and under La Reynie's administration, a council, commissioners, inspectors, clerks, and other officials, swelled the numbers of the police-

staff, without reckoning the much-feared "exempts," or constables, who arrested the evil-doers and committed them to prison. It is to be regretted that we have no returns of the expenses incurred in civilising Paris at that time; but nothing exists except an account for the single article of paving, that is, pitching the streets with large stones, for *trottoirs* were scarcely known. For thus preventing the carriages and horsemen from sinking into bottomless abysses of mud and refuse—the whole of which was carried out of the houses and left in heaps*—Colbert incurred in one year the expense of 137,000 livres. Thirty years afterwards the expense fell to 30,000 livres; but whether because it had become unnecessary, or from renewed neglect, does not appear.

One of the most fertile sources of street-crime in Paris was the privilege assumed by all the great families of arming their "following" with swords, clubs, and staves, with which they attacked the servants of other houses, and often killed or severely wounded several of them. Their insolence arose to such a pitch that the poor students of the university, the tradesmen going about their business, and even women and girls, were attacked by these lacqueys, and severely and shamefully handled. In one of these street-frays a poor student passing over the Pont Neuf was attacked by a lacquey and a page, and was left on the ground much injured and wounded. La Reynie was now so determined to put a stop to these outrages that he sentenced the two servants (of different noble families) to be hung, and in spite of the outcry raised by their master and mistress (the Duke de Roquelaure and the Duchess de Chevreuse), who declared that their feudal privileges were invaded, the sentence was carried out, to the great contentment of the citizens of Paris. La Reynie followed up his advantage by reviving an ancient law, that no servants should quit the service they were in without permission, and that none were to be retained in any service without wearing some special livery, so as to be immediately recognisable by the police. The minuteness of this and other police-regulations sufficiently attest the disorder of the times. And so obstinate and deep-rooted was it, that in spite of renewed prohibitions in 1673 and 1682, and fines imposed upon their masters, we find that their retainers still carried with them clubs,

* Here also there must have been a retrograde movement on account of the civil disturbances; for in the reign of Henry III. it was forbidden to throw dirt into the streets, and contractors were appointed to carry away the heaps of refuse, which, it must be added, were only to be brought out of the houses *once a day*. Two buckets of water were also enjoined to be thrown down by each person. Perhaps to this also might be subjoined, "which was not done."

staves, and canes, with which also they continued to maltreat peaceable citizens, and especially, when congregated at the gates of the Tuileries or Luxembourg gardens, they jeered and flouted at the women and girls, and even at the ladies, who were going in. This became so intolerable, that in 1693 and 1696 it was finally forbidden for any one to take servants to the gardens, and they were again ordered not to carry sticks and canes.*

Beginning thus at the bottom of the social scale, La Reynie went steadily on his course, and did not hesitate to attack abuses in the highest ranks of society. The almost fabulous extravagance and pomp of the late minister Fouquet, for whose villa and grounds, Vaux-le-Vicomte, where he entertained several thousands of guests with unbounded profusion, three whole villages had been destroyed, had been fed by his gigantic and shameless speculation in finance. He had, in fact, been led into forming a vast design of civil war, in the disorder and confusion of which he hoped to escape detection and punishment. It is not difficult to see, in the course of these events, the motives of the singular despotism, the exacting regulations, and the contempt of private interests which characterised the reign of Louis XIV. The unbridled insolence of the nobles was naturally counterbalanced by the arbitrary power of the sovereign; and, once grasped, Louis was not the man to let it slip again from his hands. By little and little the nobles now found themselves curtailed and restrained in their privileges; in the provinces they were stripped of much of their wealth and ancient state; and Paris more than ever began to centralise and absorb France into itself.†

It is easy to imagine that these changes were not so agreeable to the upper classes as they were to La Reynie himself; and the next development of "order and rule" had for its object the restriction of the flood of satires, libels, and broadsides, which poured through the country, and excited the seditious element of the people. It seems at first strange to read a prohibition to publish "gazettes and

* It was a current saying then, that in England the servants were slaves, in Germany their masters' companions, in Italy and Spain respectful attendants, and in France the masters of the house.—*Critique agréable.*

† The upper classes had from the beginning thwarted and opposed every attempt to enforce the police regulations. They dreaded the appointment of Pussort, Colbert's uncle, who was the dictator and ruler of the whole family, and whose severe character was everywhere known and dreaded. The witty and acute Saint-Simon paints him to the life in a few words: "A great dry man, hard and difficult to approach—a bundle of thorns, . . . a man who would always be master, with a face like a cross cat."

news," as if it was a crime of magnitude; but on looking a little deeper, we find that the gazette-hawker's wares were generally of a seditious, scurrilous, and even blasphemous nature, aimed very much at the clergy and religion. Unfortunately there was in the then system of court patronage and nomination to the higher benefices too much to excite popular indignation; and it is difficult to imagine that any police-regulations could have restrained reflections upon the lives led by the king and many of his court. It is shocking to find that sentences of death and the galleys were carried out for engraving a caricature of the king's statue in the Place des Victoires, in which likenesses of Mademoiselle la Vallière, Madame de Fontanges, Madame de Montespan, and Madame de Maintenon holding the king in chains, were substituted for the four actual figures.*

It is but fair to say that while La Reynie waged so fierce a war with the gazetteers and hawkers, he was the constant and generous patron of literature. To him we owe the preservation of the original manuscripts of Molière; and he frequently begged and obtained of Colbert pensions for men of letters, or relieved their difficulties himself. It was not without reason, therefore, that the best writers and eminent men of the time spoke with strong regard of the upright and untiring Chef de Police.

He had need of some of this encouragement, for his task was of immense difficulty. In the court circles, beginning with the king himself, there sprang up and increased a most demoralising passion for gambling, which gradually spread downwards; though, to their honour be it spoken, some of the merchants' guilds or companies joined with La Reynie in resisting the evil. This was the more worthy of remark because it was, in great part, the gambling spirit of the financiers that had excited the passion for speculation and games of chance. In journeys, in private carriages, and on board ship, dice were thrown and cards played. Society became everywhere infested with sharpers of all kinds; and La Reynie found it necessary to appoint a special officer or prefect, whose business it was to make known to himself whatever sharp play was going on. He and the Masters of Requests, who formed his staff, acted as drawing-room detectives throughout Paris; but in spite of all their vigilance sharpers multiplied, and the gambling which was sanctioned at Versailles and Marly was of course repeated in all the Paris circles.

The reports of this detective force bring to light curious practices of making playing-cards of different papers, sizes, and colours, and with raised or depressed pips, according to the value of the cards,

* The papers were found in the Seine, near the Pont Notre Dame.

while in the games of dice and *hoca**—a polite and most cheating kind of thimble-rig—the dice were loaded, and the tables were of different levels. La Reynie urgently represented to Colbert, and Colbert to the king, that if these dangerous games were not proscribed, they would be most injurious to society; but although his representations were, as usual, entirely reasonable, they were set aside. *Hoca* was allowed at Marly, and France accepted it at once, together with *lansquenet*, *portico*, and *trou-madame*. Madame de Montespan carried her passion for high play so far as to lose 700,000 crowns on one Christmas-day, and another loss of 500,000 obliged the king, who was very angry with her, to pledge all his private jewels.† In a general way, these losses of the royal favourites were reckoned as his, and were paid in the same manner, *i.e.* out of the public purse. When, on resigning his charge to D'Argenson, La Reynie confessed that all his efforts to put down gambling had signally failed, he might have added, that this was the single failure of an administration of thirty years.

The restrictions upon the satirical dramas of Molière and other similar representations are far more opposed to our present ideas. *Tartufe*, which was ready for acting in 1664, was not put on the stage till 1669, so sensitive was the public mind to the lash of ridicule. Marionettes were forbidden, and it required a royal permission to allow certain acrobatic feats, *without singing or dancing*, to be performed in the streets. One poor critic was imprisoned for *three weeks* for hissing some portion of a comedy.

Arbitrary regulations were more reasonably imposed upon the extravagance of ladies' dress, and the impropriety of appearing in church, or even approaching the Sacraments, in low evening dress, with short sleeves, and in velvet masks. Nothing can give clearer evidence of the unrestrained license of the court, at a time when the people were full of respect for religion, than the existence of such regulations as these.

In a very amusing, lively letter, written in Italian, but perhaps manufactured at home, reference is made to the French ladies in no measured terms. "These ladies, who know not how to nurse their children, stay at home, work with a needle, or spin, must every day be inventing new fashions in dress, and are to be seen sweeping the

* *Hoca*, the celebrated bugbear of all honest men of the period, was played with thirty hollow balls containing numbers, and thirty corresponding points or pegs on a table. It had become so great a pest of society in Italy as to be condemned by two or three popes, and denounced by several public bodies.

† Madame de Sevigné.

gardens and churches with their trains." At the same time the author says, "I never saw people more devout, priests more recollected, a clergy in general better regulated, or religious giving better example." In another place he quaintly remarks upon certain of La Reynie's old grievances in these terms: "The Paris thieves are so dexterous, that if it was not too costly, it would be a pleasure to be in their company only to watch their deft and clever ways. For any one who sleeps at night runs the risk of coming home in the costume of Adam, and any one who sleeps in the day refutes the dictum of Aristotle, that nature abhors a vacuum; for he finds emptiness in his house, in his pockets, and his purse." And again, that "no one can say even a *Pater noster* in church without being stunned by some blind beggar striking a copper can with a stick." He gives us a glimpse of the change of times by his passing remark that "the figs are detestable, but the pears excellent, the oranges and lemons good but very dear;" and while wine "is cheap when outside the gates, within it becomes liquid gold." After giving a graphic, vivid picture of the Pont Neuf, the charlatan's market, where cures for all diseases, and remedies for all evils, wooden legs as good as the originals, glass eyes which see, and artificial hands which feel, were cried and sold, this amusing writer expatiates naïvely on the marvellous fact of the Paris lighting, "which all nations ought to flock to behold." "Lights are enclosed in glass cases, hung at regular intervals *in the air*"—i.e. across the streets—"which make the streets as bright as day, and which, together with the troops of men who patrol the streets on horseback and on foot, so conduce to the hindrance of murders and assassinations that *Paris is now the safest city in the world.*"* Surely the Parisians might now well cry, Long live La Reynie and his police!

The street-lighting and the city-guard were such excellent achievements, that we feel sorry to find the king's strong government descend to trifling points. He took it into his head, in order to encourage, or rather to force, the silk manufactures, to issue regulations forbidding any one to wear stuff buttons; and when La Reynie respectfully remonstrated that this was going beyond the limits of the police, the Secretary of State, Pontchartrain, wrote him back that "very seriously" his majesty insisted upon being obeyed in this matter, as in every other; that all kinds of coats, old and new, having stuff buttons must be seized, and that the tailors who had committed the crime of sewing the stuff buttons upon the said coats must be fined. A second solemn letter followed, deciding by the royal mind alone, that for *old* coats the fine was to be fixed at

* 6500 lamps were allowed.—*Critique agréable*, 1692,—*Archives Curieuses*.

ten or fifteen livres, and for *new* ones five hundred livres and the seizure of the coats.

Just in the same manner as in the reign of Queen Elizabeth we read alternately of the "Hag's War" in Ireland, and the hangings, quarterings alive, and dismembering of men for the sake of religion, with the dancing of "high" pavoltes, and the queen's thousand wigs of red curly hair, so under Louis XIV. we pass from the wit and pranks, curtseys in cloaks, and absurd petty despotisms of the court to the utmost development of passion and crime. The whole age seemed seething and fermenting with a kind of tropical life, of whose vitality and luxuriance the froth and scum, as well as the noxious dregs, gave abundant evidence. Among these, preëminent in their bewildering extravagance are the poisonings of Madame de Brinvilliers, with whom also La Reynie had to deal. The whole story, indeed, is connected with his; for Dreux d'Aubray, the father of Madame de Brinvilliers, preceded him in the lieutenancy of police, and in regard to the civil or civic part of the office was succeeded in it by his son. But we must reserve this history for another article.

Yet to Come.

At evening, by our quiet dear fireside,
The shadowy, glowing ingle where we meet,
Far in the mountains where our home doth hide,
Safe from the world in stillness calm and sweet,
It comes, the warning thrilled with hope and fear:
"Thy home is yet to come; not here, not here!"

In sunshine, when the morning sea is blue,
And the heath flushes up the laughing moors;
When the shells glisten, wetted all anew,
And from a cloud the lark's fresh carol pours,
Then sighs this murmur past the careless ear:
"Thy home is yet to come; not here, not here!"

At midnight, when the moon drifts up the sky,
Glinting her smile along the white cascades;
When the winds shiver, and the sea-bird's cry
Floats dimly upward through the lonely shades,
A mystic echo trembles o'er the mere:
"Thy home is yet to come; not here, not here!"

In sad hours, when the heart is full of woe,
And dark eyes see no glory in the day;
When the tired feet no pleasant pathway know,
And nerveless hands put healthful work away,
Gently it steals, a whisper soft and dear:
"Thy home is yet to come; not here, not here!"

R. M.

Scenes in Teneriffe.

II.—A CLIMB UP THE PEAK.

ON Saturday, 21st March 1863, we started to climb the Peak. We were in our saddles at nine A.M. Our little caravan consisted of six persons and four animals. My husband and I were mounted on good horses, two mules were laden with baggage, one guide, and three arrieros or muleteers. Our distance was stated by different reports at from eighteen to thirty-two miles from the Villa de Oratava to the top of the great Peak and back. By the route which we chose for return, because it was longer, more varied, and more difficult, I daresay it was nearer the latter distance. Our time was thirty-five hours. We clattered up the streets, and followed a pretty road, studded with villages, gardens, cottages, barrancos, and geraniums falling in rich profusion over the walls into the road. This was the route to Realejo; it was our favourite evening walk—by pretty banks, amongst old trees, and through many a picturesque spot. We turned abruptly from this way up the stony side of the Barranco de San Antonio, and proceeded through cultivated fields, but ever winding by the barranco, which becomes gradually deeper and deeper. Here must rush at times a fierce mountain torrent. The stone at the sides is scooped as smoothly by its impetuous waters as a knife would carve a cake of soap, and you hear the rebounding in the gigantic caverns, which present all the appearance of having been excavated by an immense body of water. I was much struck at finding the savage and the gentle in such close contact; they certainly showed each other off to advantage. The borders of this mass of stone and rushing waters, of startling caverns and mysterious rumblings, are bound with rich belts of chestnut trees, wild flowers of every sort, myrtle and rosemary, looking as peaceful as a garden; and you do not expect to be awe-struck, as you are, when you look down into the depth of the ravine, into which you might have taken a step too far, deceived by the beautiful but treacherous edges, if the strange sounds below had not induced you to be prudent.

We were now about 2500 feet above the sea, and we turned round to enjoy a beautiful view of the Happy Valley of Taora

from the top of Mont Tigayga, the horseshoe-shaped range of mountains which surrounds it, near to the centre of which we were standing. There is the romantic "villa" with its cathedral on an eminence overhanging the valley and sea, before you ascend the range, and below is the Puerto lashed by a tremendous surf. Two little eruption-cones, like large Primrose Hills, rise to the left of it; and at the left-hand end of the range are Upper and Lower Realejo, the last sites of the hostile camps in the war of conquest, and the scene of the submission of the Guanche Menceys. Every inch of the valley is cultivated, and dotted with cottages and quintas. There are cornfields, luscious vineyards, peaceful monasteries, and cactus plantations.

Most of the land about the barranco belongs to the Marquese de la Quinta. The soil is a rich yellow clay, and the river dangerous. It is called Martianez or Martinianez. It is a curious reflection that so many hundred years have passed, and so many grand Marcheses and Hidalgos have lived here, and yet no one should ever have thought till now of making a good road for travelling and communicating with Santa Cruz, the principal town and trading-place of all the Canaries. We wish the beautiful panorama good-bye till to-morrow night. We cross the Barranco de la Mavanira; on the left we pass the Pino del Dornajito, 3400 feet high, and about here we leave the last human habitations. We ascend a very jagged and stony mountain, and emerge upon a beautiful slope of forest of mixed bay and broom, which is called the Montijo or Monte Verde; the green-wood composed of the brezo and haya, the arbutus and Portuguese laurel about ten feet high, and tall shrubs, whose wildness seemed to have a singular beauty after tame England. There is a lovely feathering broom of spring green, with delicate white bell-flowers, called codeso.

The soil, however, is a mass of loose stones as we wind through the forest, and again emerge on another barren mountain, jagged and stony like the last. It is now eleven o'clock; we are 4500 feet above the sea, and the men ask for a halt. The valley is like a garden on a slope from the sea upwards till you come to the first mist, after which there are no houses. The cloud rests upon the woods, and ascends and descends for about the space of a league. We had now arrived at this point, and entered the mist which usually descends to this distance and, except on very clear days, hangs there for several hours, if not the whole twenty-four, shutting out the upper world of mountains like a curtain, though above it and below all may be clear. We dismounted in a thick cloud and looked about us, leaving the men to eat and drink, and the

animals to breathe. The stony plain we stood upon was called El Juradillo, made of lava-beds and barrancos, whose road tends to the western flank of Monte Alto. We leave to the eastward Caramujo, Monte Surion, Monte Fayó, Montaña del Pino; also the Rambleta, Montana Blanca, and Chajorra, which are three abutments of the Peak called by Professor Piazzi Smyth the three heads of the eruption-cone, arising from the elevation crater.

The whole of our ascent appeared to me to be like climbing different mountains, one range higher than another; so that when you reached the top of one, you found yourself unexpectedly at the foot of another; only each varies as to soil, changing from vegetation to stones, cinders, and to stones again. Professor Smyth makes Teneriffe exhibit five zones from the sea upwards; the first is of habitation, cultivation, and vines. After climbing 3000 feet, the rest are represented by laurels, pines, then retama, and lastly by grasses.

Presently we remounted, and ascended a stage of loose stone or rock, afterwards one of cinders, followed by a third, not of forest but of brushwood and retama. Travellers have remarked that the mountain ascent is divided into three distinct steps, and bisected by the Barranco de la Lava and the Barranco de la Montana Colorada, so called from its red-brown colour. The steps into which the mountain is divided are its outworks and off-shoots. The retama is a round spreading fir-like shrub of a green-tea colour; the animals like it, and it makes splendid bonfires. It bears white blossoms in the summer time with a sweet smell. It is found only at the altitude of a vertical mile; it is ten feet high, with a short smooth brown stem throwing out branches that trail. The shrub becomes smaller and smaller as we ascend, and at a certain height it will be only a foot high. We pass on our left the road to Porvillo, which lies under Guajara, and to the village of Chasua. There we fell in with a party of peasants whose mules wanted sadly to fight with ours. The only living things we now saw were lizards and small birds, chiefly swallows. At one o'clock we passed the last vegetation; we were 6500 feet above the sea; and found a shady clearing under the retamas, which our men told us was the Estancia de la Cierra, the first station. The thermometer in shade was 60°. Here we unloaded the mules and tied them to the bushes, upon which they fed. We refreshed ourselves, and the men smoked. Soon we reloaded and remounted, and emerged from the Cierra, and entered upon Las Canadas, through a gap by the Gate of Taora, a natural portal of lava. Here we ceased ascending for some time, the Cañadas being a plain extend-

ing fifteen miles in circumference round the base of the great Peak. Upon the plain, which was the fine old crater, were scattered, at distances of 500 or 600 yards, enormous detached blocks of reddish lava partly oxidised. Here and there for another 1000 feet we met with an occasional dwindling retama, and then all was indeed a desert, suggestive of camels. My husband wished to build him a house in this his peculiar element, and wanted a good gallop, so great was his exhilaration. The sun rained fire, pouring down upon our heads; it scorched the earth, it blistered our faces, hands, and lips, as if it spitefully begrudged us our pleasant excursion and boisterous spirits. We found water nowhere. Las Cañadas, the floor of the first great crater, is eight miles in diameter. As we passed on, our men here hunted a little black kid, but it hid in the rocks, and I was heartily glad that it escaped. They shouted José (Joseph), Tío José (uncle Joseph). The happy fellows sang the whole way, after arriero fashion, in a minor key, descending in roulades from the highest to the lowest note without any particular tune, and in rich and true musical notes essentially Moorish.

From the moment we entered this plain, Teyde, from base to peak, was familiarly unveiled to our gaze, and looked deceptively near. At the first sight of it we felt like pigmies coming into the presence of a giant. We had thought it such a treat to get a glimpse of its top at sunrise from the villa below, when it looked like a speck, one of those little woolly clouds high in the sky, before the curtain of clouds shut it out from our sight for the day. Now we had left the world of clouds and mists far beneath us; we were shut out from the under, and left in the upper world face to face with the great wonder. We were alone before it. A child might have asked in terror what the great white monster would do to us for looking at him. Would he burst with anger at our temerity, and send us flying, as it seemed his habit to do, with blocks of obsidian and lava 20 feet square? It appeared to me, when I was close to it, a steep yellow sugar-loaf, with a flat ridge near the top, out of which rose a smaller cone with a flattened dome and a central jag. It had here and there patches of rusty-looking soil, and great walls of stone radiated from the above-mentioned ridge to the base; the interstices were filled with snow. Towards the end of the Cañadas the retama was scarce, stunted to a few inches, and dried up like the herbage of the desert. Laughing and chattering, we rode along the plain, which presently began to steepen slightly. We found the same soil as on the plain, only more bleak and barren, with not a sign of life or vegetation; but scattered here and there were "pedras negras"—great black blocks of basalt shaped like giant

skulls, twenty or thirty feet high. They looked strange enough on the small yellow pumice, and had gravitated down in ancient times. At about 3.30 we came to the base of the actual mountain out of which the cone rises, and passed on the left the Roca Imperial, a majestic mass of boulders, at which place the barometer showed 9000 feet. We put our poor beasts to the steep ascent. The soil again consisted of loose pumice-stones, sprinkled with lava and broken bits of obsidian, and breasting the red pumice bed were thick bands of detached black blocks of lava. Our animals sunk knee-deep, and slid back several yards; and we struggled upwards after this fashion for three-quarters of an hour, when we came to a little flat space on the right, with blocks of stone twenty feet high partially enclosing it. This was the second station, called the Estancia de los Ingleses, 9600 feet above the sea, and only accessible on the south-eastern side. We found the temperature to be 16°. Here, after eight hours' ride, we gladly dismounted. The arrieros unpacked and dismantled their beasts, allowed the mules to roll, and put them in shelter with their nose-bags, before proceeding in search of fuel. My husband went off to take observations; and I saw him with pleasure enjoying the indescribable atmospheric charm under the rose-pink blush of the upper sky. I knew mine was "Martha's" share of the business, and that I had better be quick about it; so I unpacked our panniers, and made the "estancia" comfortable for the night. In less than an hour our beds were arranged, composed of railway-rugs, coats, and cloaks. I made two large fires, tea and coffee; our canteens contained spirits, wine, fowls, bread, butter, hard eggs, and sausages. We could have spent a week there very comfortably; and we sat over our roaring camp-fire warming ourselves, and talking over the day. The men brought out hard eggs, salt fish, and prepared their *gofio*, the original Guanche food. They roasted their corn brown, pounded it fine, and put it into a kid-skin bag with water, and kneaded it about in their hands into a sort of cake. They were immensely surprised at a "Sharpe's Repeater," which I had in my belt, and with which we tried to shoot a raven; but he would not come within shot, though we did our best to tempt him with a chicken's leg stuck upon a stick.

We had now a fine view of Guajara, the Monte Somma of this volcano; and, more to the south, of a white hillock in the Cañadas, which the guides called *Monton de Trigo*,—"heap of wheat,"—whose eastern continuation is called the *Cañada de Dornajito*; there was also a fine view of the southern walls of the huge Elevation Crater. The Guimar hills seemed to top one another, till they terminated in the peak of snow. Waving stream-like lava-beds, once

liquid, now solid sheets of rock; dome upon dome, peak upon peak, the cone being the steeple, and, like Mont Blanc, sinking to rest with enchanting shades and colours, completed our panorama. The sunset was magnificent, one of Nature's own dissolving views. There was a clear silvery atmosphere and a profound silence. The sea turned pinkish-slate; the horizon was like a rainbow, beautifully tinted—orange, pink, and lilac fading to blue; right over our heads hung a little rose-coloured canopy, the shades thereof melting from delicate to deep; and the space from the canopy's edge to that of the rainbow was pale silvery blue. The surface of the ground was yellow, red, and black, according to the stones, volcanic glass, or obsidian.

We read and wrote till seven o'clock, and then it grew darker and colder, and I rolled myself round in the rugs with my feet to the camp-fire, and did not sleep, but watched. The estancia, or station, is a pile of wild rocks about twenty feet high, open overhead, with a space in the middle big enough to camp in. At the head and down one side of our bed was a bank of snow; two mules were tethered near our heads, but not close enough to kick and bite. The horses were a little farther off. Two good fires of retama-wood cheered and warmed us; and strewed all around were rugs, blankets, and wraps of all sorts, with kettles, canteens, bottles, books, instruments, eatables, and kegs. It was dark at seven o'clock. The stars shone brilliantly, but it was only the third night of the moon, which arose at 2.27 in the afternoon, much to our chagrin. The weather, however, had been brilliant, and our only drawback had been the curtain of clouds shutting out the under world from us at about one o'clock. Our party consisted of one guide, Manuel Royas, and three arrieros, viz. Rafael, Juan, and Manolito, whom we nicknamed El Muerto, being always dead asleep. The name I believe sticks to him to this day. Manuel wore his R. Y. S. guernsey, given him by Professor Piazzzi Smyth. The good-humoured, hard-working fellows lay round the fire in their blankets and black-velvet sombreros, in careless attitudes. I did not know a blanket could look so picturesque. With their dark hair and skins, white teeth, flashing eyes, and straight features, lit up by the lurid glare of the fire, and animated by the conversation, to say nothing of the spirits and tobacco with which we made their hearts glad, they formed a picturesque bivouac scene, a brigand-like group. I listened until the Great Bear sank behind the mountain side, and then fell fast asleep. The men in turns kept up the fire, while all but the watcher slept around it. The only sound ever heard was the occasional spiteful scream of a mule trying to bite its neighbour, or a log of wood being thrown on the fire; outside the estancia the silence was

profound. The pleasant reminiscences of that night will live in my memory for ever, when most other things are forgotten, or when trials and sorrows make me for the time forget to be grateful for past happiness. It was perfect repose and full contentment.

At half-past three o'clock Manuel awoke us. It was a pitch-dark morning, with the thermometer at 14° F. We got up and put on every warm thing possible, made some coffee, using brandy for milk. One of the arrieros was to remain behind to look after the fires, the beasts, and the estancia generally. I mounted my horse, and my husband one of the mules. Our guide went first. One arriero with a pitch-pine torch, and another to return with the animals, composed our party. At half-past four o'clock we commenced what seemed an ascent of the same kind as the last part of yesterday's ride—over steep broken pumice, obsidian, and lava. The ground, however, was twenty times more difficult and steep, with an occasional rockwork or snow-drift. We were the first people who had ever attempted the Peak in winter since 1797; and even the guide did not exactly know what might happen. July and August are the proper months for ascending the Pico do Teyde. Manuel went, therefore, first with a torch, then my husband, then the second torch, then myself on my poor "Negro," and lastly a third torch. Our jaded beasts sank knee-deep and slid considerably. Once or twice my horse refused, and appeared to prefer descent to ascent, but fortunately it changed its mind, or an inevitable roll to the bottom and broken bones would have been the result. Humboldt says, "Of all the volcanoes I have ever visited, that of Jorullo, in Mexico, is the only one more difficult to climb than the Pico do Teyde, because the whole mountain is covered with loose ashes. The foot finds no sure foundation on the loose blocks of lava. When the sugar-loaf is covered with snow in winter, it is dangerous to the traveller."

Captain Baudin was nearly killed in December 1797, by rolling half way down the cone to the plain of La Rambleta, where a heap of lava prevented him going still farther with greater velocity. My husband's mule once fell into a snow-drift, but emerged with much pluck without unseating him. I felt a little frightened when we came to the steepest part, and found myself obliged to cling to the horse's mane, for it was too dark, even with torches, to see much. In three-quarters of an hour we came to the highest and third estancia of Professor Piazzzi Smyth, 10,500 feet above sea-level, called Estancia de los Alemanes. Here we dismounted, and our third arriero returned with the animals, while we, pike in hand, began the ascent of the Mal Pais, which is what yesterday I had imagined to be walls of black stone radiating from the ridge below the cone to the yellow

mountain. It is a long lava bed, about 1300 feet high, consisting of blocks, some as big as a cottage, and some as small as a football; some loose and rolling, others firm, with drifts of snow between, and piled up at an easy angle. When you have surmounted one ridge and fancy yourself at the top, you find there is another still more difficult, until you have had so many disappointments that you cease to ask. The Mal Pais took me two hours, climbing on my hands and knees, with many rests. First I threw away my pike, then my outer coat, and gradually arrived at the necessary blouse and petticoat. As there were no thieves, I dropped each garment on the way as I climbed, and they served as so many landmarks on return. Every time we stopped to breathe I was obliged to fill my mouth with snow, and to put snow on my head and forehead; the sun blistered me, yet the air was keen. At about 5.30 a truly soft twilight, preceding day, took the place of our torchlight. The horizon gradually became like a rainbow, with that peculiar effect of seeming to be on a level with the observer, the world being beneath curved like a bowl, which is very striking to a person who stands on a great height for the first time. The edge of the sea was pinkish-slate colour, and seemed to blend with the horizon into various shades of yellow and red of a thousand delicate tints, as if the world wore a gaudy belt. Below us, unfortunately, were pale slate-coloured undulations of cloud, and for some time we could not determine whether they were not waves of the sea; but gradually we discovered mountain peaks and ranges coming out of them. It had the appearance of an ocean with islands on it, laid out as on a map. More toil, and we pass the ice-cave at our right, and sight the cone, which looks like a dirty-white sugar-loaf. After every ten minutes I was obliged to rest; and after each few moments' respite the guides would urge me to a "tantino"—just a little more—to which I had to make up my mind, though I felt very much fatigued.

At 6 A.M. the guides told us to turn round. A golden gleam was on the sea—the first trace of the sun—and gradually the edge appeared. It rose majestically in pure golden glory; and we, hanging between heaven and earth, in solitude and silence, were permitted to enjoy this beautiful moment. It was Sunday morning, 22d March, Passion Sunday. Out of the six souls there, five of us were Catholics, unable to hear Mass. We knelt down, and I said aloud a *Pater noster*, *Ave Maria*, and *Gloria Patri*; and offered to our Lord the hearts of all present, with a genuine thanksgiving for the faith which adores and owns that the Creator of this divine scenery which we were permitted to behold is the same as the helpless Babe of

Bethlehem—the same lying on the ground in the agony of Gethsemane, and falling under the Cross, or veiled in the humble wafer on the Altar.

This sunrise took place when we were not far distant from La Rambleta, 11,680 feet above the sea. It is a shattered hollow in the lava, and as it was winter it was filled up with ice. The snow shows marks like hoof-prints, but higher up it is shaped into feathery peaks. The road could not have been found except by a mountaineer. We arose and continued our now almost painful way, and at 6.45 reached the base of the sugar-loaf. Here we breathed; and I found what had seemed from below to be a ridge was a small plain space, called *Pié del Pilon*, or flat floor round the base of the cone. The thermometer stood at 120° in the steam, but there was no smell of sulphur till we reached the top. Manuel and my husband started pike in hand. My muleteer took off his red sash, tied it round my waist, took the other end over his shoulder, and thus, with a pike to help me in my hand, we did the last hard work, hard even after the *Mal Pais*. This cone is surrounded, as I have just said, by a little plain base of pumice, and its own soil is broken fine pumice, out of which, from all parts, issue jets of steam. I counted thirty-five. We had still 512 feet more to accomplish, which occupied three-quarters of an hour. The top consists of masses of rock, great and small, covered with bright, glistening, yellow sulphur and marl, from which issue powerful jets of vapour. At 7.40 A.M. my husband helped me up to the corona, the top stone; it is so sharp there is room for only one person to stand on it at once. I was now, at the outside computation, 12,300 feet above sea-level; some call it 12,176, some 12,186; but Professor Piazzzi Smyth, who is the best authority, says 12,198—300 feet below the line of perpetual snow in these latitudes. The guides again suggested a *Gloria Patri* in thanksgiving.

The Working Man at Church.

It is likely enough that we shall soon forget the very curious meeting held some few weeks ago at the London Coffee House, for the purpose of considering the acknowledged alienation of the working classes in this country from "religious institutions" generally. The meeting was more remarkable as a symptom of the attention which the fact of the irreligion of working men in great towns is beginning to arouse in the public mind, than as having issued in the statement of any very profound views as to the cause or the extent of the evil, or in the proposal of any satisfactory remedy for it. The Establishment was represented principally by two men of distinction who were pretty certain to be found present on such an occasion—the Dean of Westminster and Mr. F. D. Maurice. Dissenting Ministers were there in tolerable force; and the working men themselves had the greater share of the speaking. The objections made by them to the existing state of things in "religious institutions" were sometimes trivial and farfetched: and the speeches addressed to them in return did not throw any great light on the difficulties alleged by them, or promise any radical change which might reconcile them to that from which they at present shrink. Good feeling pervaded the meeting, as good feeling alone could have brought any one to take part in it: though it must be confessed that the working men spoke their minds very freely. We have heard a story of a great lawyer, who was in the habit of complaining of the inconclusive arguments and indolent scoldings which he frequently had to listen to upon Sundays, on the ground that the preachers took an unfair advantage of the fact that "there was no reply." If the shade of this departed worthy could have been present at the London Coffee House on that Monday in January last of which we are speaking, he would have certainly rejoiced over the scolding which the parsons received from those who ought to have been their disciples. So far, perhaps, the meeting issued in good. For the rest, it simply drew attention to an evil for which it furnished no remedy. The Dean of Westminster's short speech may be taken as a characteristic epitome of the practical fruits of the gathering. First, he was received with cheers—which he certainly deserved. Secondly, he did not offer any remarks on the criticisms which had been made upon the profession to which he belonged—but "they must not suppose from that that he entirely acquiesced in their truth." There is an almost

episcopal air of balance and caution about this announcement: but it certainly throws little light upon the matter under deliberation. Thirdly, he wished to state the reason for which he had come there—which reason was no other, than to hear what people had to say on the subject of the meeting. Lastly, he wished also to state the practical conclusion at which he had arrived from what he had heard. This “practical conclusion” was—to ask “what can be done?”—“he would ask,” said Dean Stanley, “whether the working classes who were present could, through themselves or through anybody else, give him, in the way most convenient to themselves and most easy for him to understand, any notion of any manner in which the services in Westminster Abbey could be made more available or useful than they were now?”

We are not aware what has been the result of this genial and kindhearted “practical conclusion.” Dr. Stanley, we fear, if his hearers took him at his word, must have felt not altogether unlike the painter in the old story, who exposed his picture in the market-place for any passer-by to criticise. He was tolerably safe, perhaps, with the audience before him; but what if some working man had accepted the invitation, and suggested the introduction of extempore prayer, hymn-books, and “revivalism,” or if some insidious enemy had called out for “Vestments!”? We have heard up to this moment of no change in the decorous Anglican services in the Abbey, so we must suppose either that the offer of the dean has led to the suggestion of no improvements, or that the suggestions—as in the case of the painter in the story—have been so numerous and so contradictory to each other as to make him abandon the thought of acting on them. There has probably been as little change, in consequence of the meeting, in the churches or meeting-houses respectively which are presided over by the other ministers of religion who sat beside Dean Stanley on that occasion. However, the question has been asked, “What can we do,”—and the desire expressed by the gentlemen in question to do it if they can.

It is certainly no slight evil, if it be true that the working classes have no religion. This terrible conclusion was not mentioned at the meeting of which we are speaking. The working men who were present would certainly not have been there if they had believed in nothing; and though probably far above the average of men of their class, it cannot be doubted that in their religiousness, as far as it went, they represented a large proportion of the members of that class. Still, no one can read the account of the speeches without feeling conscious that there are more tremendous evils at work among the lower orders than any which were then mentioned. Strangely

enough, indeed, this assembly of Protestant ministers of so many various denominations and shades of opinion, seemed to have nothing more deeply at heart than to draw the working men, if possible, to come to church or meeting-house on Sundays, and to listen to their sermons. It would really almost seem as if not to attend public worship was in their mind the same thing as to be without religion. The difference between attendance and non-attendance at church on Sundays is, indeed, immense, and the Protestant ministers on this occasion seem to us to have borne unconscious witness to a truth of which they might be puzzled to give an account. Little was said, we think, about that "vital interior worship of the soul which may be offered anywhere," and which certainly Protestant ministers are bound to consider far more important than attendance at the public assemblies of Christians. If Catholics are accused of making religion consist in attendance at Mass and the reception of the Sacraments, at all events they believe the Mass to be something very different from the saying vocal prayers in common with others, and listening to discourses from the pulpit, and they believe in the power of the Sacraments to convey the grace of God to the soul. If Dean Stanley could succeed in making the services at Westminster Abbey more generally interesting to the working classes than they appear to be, he must still be aware that he would not on his own ground have done everything if he induced them to attend them on Sundays. This attendance would not heal the wounds of their souls, or change their hearts, or bring the light of faith into minds from which it was before absent. It would probably, in the working men's own opinion, be a very great step indeed. It would do away with the open profession of irreligion, which seems to have startled him and others so much, but it would not of itself make men religious; it might tend to soften them, to elevate them, to make them thoughtful about their souls, but it would not necessarily do more. Then again, it is remarkable that the causes which indisputably keep away from church or chapel the majority of those, in all classes, who absent themselves — drunkenness, profligacy, idleness, infidelity — were not touched upon at this meeting, any more than that abject misery and that feeling of degradation which are the far more touching and more colourable excuses in the case of thousands of others. Thus, in considering what passed at the London Coffee House, we feel ourselves, as it were, in the presence of a great and most threatening evil, only very partially disclosed, hinted at rather than spoken about. And we fear that the time is rapidly approaching when an evil of such magnitude as this will make itself fatally prominent, and

force itself on the attention of those who may try to lay the storm which will follow to a degree which will make them smile at the idea, if it ever occurs to their mind, of meeting the difficulty by "available or useful services in Westminster Abbey."

We cannot of course in these pages enter on the whole of the most momentous question raised by the fact that irreligious influences are gaining so much power over the working men in our great towns. The working classes are now demanding their share of political power, and when they receive any share at all, it must necessarily be large. Our population multiplies rapidly, and the increase is of course greatest in the lower spheres of society. Our great cities are drawing to themselves more and more the population of smaller towns and country villages; and in the great hives of human life which are thus being set up over the land, there are fewer opportunities of individual religious instruction and education, there is in proportion less church accommodation, the temptations to sin and vice are multiplied, human respect and the control of respectability are weakened as motives for outward decency of behaviour, profligate literature abounds, and an active propaganda of atheism or its allied forms of opinion is carried on. The dull ignorance and the torpid passions of the country peasant are sharpened and stimulated in a thousand ways when he becomes the inmate of a town. He feels himself ten times over more his own master in the presence of so many invitations to make his own use of his freedom. All these considerations give a new and startling importance to the limited knowledge which we already possess of the depths of ignorance and moral degradation in which so very large a part of the lower orders amongst us is plunged. The tide is rising on every side of us, and has already sapped the foundations on which our social system rests. But of course, the one adequate remedy for the evil is to be found in the active propagation of the true faith alone, just as the cause and spring of the danger is to be found in the absence of that faith. Give the working man the true faith, and he will certainly not stay away from church for the reasons alleged at the London Coffee House—because the ministers of religion do not cultivate physical science, or because they do not join in political movements, or because they make the prizes of education and ecclesiastical preferment the monopoly of a class, or because they put the lower orders into free seats in places of worship. Give him the true faith, and he will love his religion, value its ordinances, and be ready to listen to the word of its preachers, and he will look to its Sacra-

ments as the sources of his strength against sin and misery in this life, and as the safeguards of his journey into the world to come. Give him the faith, and teach him to practise his religion, and he will be superior alike to the temptations of vice and the seductions of falsehood. But then, of course, we should have Dean Stanley, and Mr. Maurice, and Dr. Miller, and Mr. Binney, and Mr. Beales, and the whole crowd of "ministers" and working men assembled in the London Coffee House, all against us. United in nothing else, save in the kindly feeling which brought them together, they would at least unite in the one common dogma of all Protestants, hostility to Catholicism. It is possible that they might also tell us that we had better look at home first, and mind our own people.

In reality, the moral and religious condition of the masses of population in the midst of which they live, can never become a matter of indifference to Catholics of any time or of any country. They have duties to them, either as to brethren gone astray, or as to strangers who are to be brought into the great Family from without. They cannot be unaffected by the rise or fall of the moral standard around them, they cannot even escape the influence of the phases of opinion on the highest subjects of thought which prevail among their neighbours, any more than they can avoid sharing in the miseries, calamities, or social convulsions to which the latter may be exposed in consequence of false doctrines or low principles of conduct. For good or for bad, the Catholic body in this or any other country under similar circumstances is knit to the population around it by a thousand ties. Catholics are themselves the first and immediate object of the care, the forethought, the anxieties of their spiritual rulers, and till our priests are greatly increased in number they can have no time for more. But the rapidly deepening sense of the imminent danger to society—to speak of no higher considerations—which is involved in the irreligiousness of the working classes, and the efforts, however futile, made by the more thoughtful among Anglican and Dissenting ministers to alleviate the evil, may perhaps be considered as a fresh call on the Catholic body to exert itself in developing those means of Christian organisation for the benefit of their own members among the orders thus affected which the Church has at her disposal, and which have so often been blessed with signal success. From our own point of view, the Catholic working men ought to be the nucleus to be secured from corruption and made strong against the coming danger, and on their preservation and good training the salvation of the whole class may ultimately depend. There is a method of silent and indirect controversy which the Church has pursued from the beginning, and

which has yet perhaps been more powerful in drawing souls into her pale than any other. It consists in the purifying, elevating, and sanctifying influence of her practical teaching on the lives of her children, and in the happy fruitfulness in measures of organisation and union which has always been her characteristic.

At the present moment Protestantism and Anglicanism stand powerless and appalled in the presence of a hungry, savage, and unbelieving population, the acutest minds of which have used the weapon of private judgment for themselves, only to demolish the assumed authority of those who put it into their hands. It has become evident that it will not do much longer to leave things to take their own course. Some well-meant efforts have been made by the extreme Ritualists to attract the working classes by copying the externals of Catholic worship, and by enlarging the number of the fragments of Catholic truth which have ordinarily been taught from Anglican pulpits. It is strange that none of the Ritualists found their way to the meeting of the London Coffee House, where the innovations which have created so much stir were mentioned only to be condemned as inconsistent with the honest profession of Protestantism, even in its higher phases. We need say no more about them, save that the partial success which they have attained may be considered as evidence that there are many in all ranks of society in the country who are outgrowing the prejudices against even the semblance of Catholicity which have been so industriously implanted in the mind of the nation by the ministers of the very Establishment to which these men belong ever since its foundation. We may be quite sure that the last line which will be generally adopted either by Anglicans or Dissenters, for the purpose of winning the working classes, will be that of Ritualism, for the simple reason that Ritualism would be a mockery except in persons who believe the doctrines on which it is founded. These doctrines are either openly and in letter denied and condemned in the Anglican formularies, or in cases in which they have not been so denied, they have been abandoned altogether by the vast majority of Anglican ministers. Even if the working classes were ever reached on a large scale by the Ritualist movement, the men who spoke so freely at the London Coffee House would very soon detect the inconsistency to which we have just alluded, and would certainly never tolerate it. It may indeed be questioned whether there exists any where any considerable body of reflecting and experienced men, who can seriously think of coping with the monster evil of which we are speaking by means of the feeble and disjointed machinery which is all that Anglicanism

can furnish them. It would be like putting to sea in a storm in a Lord Mayor's barge.

It may therefore be well supposed that the same active measures which may be useful, if not necessary, for the preservation of Christian faith and practice among those members of the working classes who already belong to the Church, would have a powerful though indirect effect in leavening those classes generally with higher principles and better ideas on the subject of religion, and ultimately save many who are not yet Catholics from the rapidly-spreading danger of irreligion and infidelity. In perilous times men turn instinctively to what can really save and protect them. It would perhaps be well to consider how far the special circumstances of the times may seem to require some more special organisation of religious means for the working classes than has hitherto been universal among us. The instincts of the Church seem always to have pointed to something of this kind. She has always been inclined to favour freely the various devices of Christian charity for the benefit of particular classes among her children, and in this her manifold and prolific inventiveness she has never been imitated by bodies outside her pale. This is not the place to advocate particular schemes, though it may be useful to point out from time to time what has been done in other countries for the furtherance of the purpose which we must all have so much at heart. It is, we fear, the old truth once again forced upon us—the harvest plentiful, the labourers but few. Twelve years ago, the Abbé Mullois could complain of the extreme scarcity, even in Paris, of priests who could devote themselves entirely and exclusively to the working classes.* No doubt, considerable modifications would have to be made in his statement at the present time; but it is in the nature of things, even in Paris, and far more in England, where the Catholic clergy are so terribly over-worked, that Confraternities, Congregations, Guilds, and Societies of every kind for the help of particular classes, should only be able to claim a secondary share in the attention of men who have enough to occupy them fully in the administration of the Sacraments and the necessary duties of instruction and preach-

* "Chose triste à dire, il n'y a pas, à Paris, dix prêtres qui s'occupent activement et exclusivement de la classe ouvrière: pas dix prêtres pour travailler au bien moral de cette masse de pauvres, de soldats, et d'ouvriers! Le ministère paroissial absorbe tous les moments du prêtre, ne lui laisse pas un instant de relâche, comment pourrait-il d'occuper des ouvriers? et s'il yeut rester libre, pour se livrer tout entier à ces œuvres, hélas! souvent il se trouve lui-même aux prises avec les premiers besoins de la vie."—*Mullois, Manuel de Charité, Paris, 1855.*

ing. Still, as our readers are aware, many noble and successful efforts have already been made among ourselves in the direction of which we are speaking, which we are very far from forgetting, while we dwell principally upon such means which have been adopted abroad with profit, and may appear most naturally to suggest themselves for imitation.

Some months ago we drew attention to the famous German organisation of the *Gesellen Vereinen*, by which the workmen of the Catholic provinces on the Rhine are bound together in a Society which secures them welcome and assistance as they pass from one town to another in search of work, and which provides for the resident in each town a centre where they may meet for recreation and mutual instruction, and from which, in case of need, they may receive assistance. This organisation, the work of the Abbé Kolping, is rather auxiliary to religion than actually and distinctly religious; but it has of course acted very powerfully towards the maintenance of Christian faith and practice among the very exposed class for whose benefit it is designed. The Abbé Mullois, in the little work which we have just quoted, gives a very interesting account of two more distinctly religious organisations, in Paris, the *Œuvre de St. François Xavier* and the *Œuvre de la Sainte Famille*. The first is for the benefit of *ouvriers*, the second for that of the poor generally. In both cases certain main principles are observed, for the more detailed working of which we may refer our readers to the little volume of the Abbé Mullois. The meetings take place in churches, once or twice a month—if not in a church, in a chapel attached to it where the Catechism is taught. Laymen of eminence give their services either as directors and managers, or as occasional speakers and benefactors. There is usually a priest, who devotes himself almost entirely to the work; any Catholic visitor to Paris will have heard of the Père Milleriot, who is the life and soul of the *Sainte Famille*. The religious services at which the members assist are either Mass or Vespers on Sunday, after which the President addresses them, the priest gives them an instruction or exhortation, and others speak to them on subjects which would more ordinarily among ourselves furnish the matter for lectures in a reading-room. Thus the members of these *Œuvres* are taught by some charitable layman the principles of domestic economy, or some good doctor gives them hints as to healthiness and cleanliness. The greatest possible variety is sought in the subject-matter of these discourses; we have listened to anecdotes out of the life of a Saint, followed by an account of the adventures of a traveller in the East. Any good Christian who has anything to talk about is pressed into

the service. The Abbé Mullois gives an amusing account of a speech made by a naval captain, who had just returned from Oceania, where he seems to have been for some months in the power of the savages. He had never before made a speech in his life, and when forced to deliver himself before the assembled *œuvriers*, he made a most efficient discourse in favour of religion, which, he told them, seemed wonderfully valuable in the eyes of a man who was continually expecting to be cut up and eaten. Of course the large and admirable class of pious and charitable ladies find plenty to do with reference to these *Œuvres*. They mix freely with the poor who frequent the meetings, and provide the prizes for a sort of lottery, the drawing of which forms one of the great events of the afternoon. It is obvious that the main features of works of this kind abroad may be said to include great and special devotion on the part of ecclesiastics,—Père Milleriot is at the service of the *Sainte Famille* in the Confessional four days in the week—the active and energetic co-operation of laymen and ladies of the higher classes; the utmost freedom in the admixture of knowledge and information of every kind, so long as it is useful, innocent, and harmlessly amusing, with the religious instruction, which is of course the most important of all; and the distribution of useful presents under the pleasant form of the prizes in a raffle, for the tickets of which nothing is paid. Catholic nature is the same everywhere, because it is grounded upon Christian charity; and we should be disappointed if it turned out that our English stiffness and coldness could not be far enough overcome to allow of such meetings between the members of different classes as those of which we are speaking. They have certainly a wonderful effect in bringing back the poorer classes to the faithful practice of their religion; and the student of Christian antiquity, who may chance to be present at them, will certainly be tempted to ask himself, whether anything anywhere can now be witnessed which more nearly resembles in its main features and principles the *agapæ* of the early Church.

English Premiers.

IX.—WILLIAM PITT.

It was on the 28th of May 1759 that William Pitt came into the world. He was the second son of that great statesman who had just risen to the height of his fame, whose name was never pronounced by Englishmen but with admiration, nor by foreigners without fear and awe. The nation was in continual jubilee, and many of the victories then achieved have been mentioned in a former number.* This period of glory, as we have seen, was transient; Chatham's popularity waned; his majestic intellect suffered eclipse, and his bodily frame became the prey of cruel torture. Of these changes little William was faintly conscious, but being his father's darling, and possessed of a precocious understanding, he arrived, no doubt, at many secrets which would have escaped a less observant child. Certain it is, that, when only seven years old, hearing that Mr. Pitt was created Earl of Chatham, he exclaimed, "I am glad that I am not the eldest son. I want to speak in the House of Commons like papa." So early did William enjoy the advantage of having a definite purpose in life. His mind was on a par with his ambition. All who approached him were struck by the acuteness of his remarks and the earnestness of his studies. His gravity was beyond his years; he was an adult in frocks. At twelve he had far outstripped his brother of fifteen; and at fourteen, Hayley, the biographer of Cowper, meeting him at Lyme, was so amazed at his talent that the boy seemed to him to be endowed with supernatural gifts. If he had not been so shy, he would have consulted him respecting a literary work which he was then meditating. His projected epic—to judge by his other poems—would have been no better, if as good, as the tragedy Pitt composed about this time. It was called *Laurentius, King of Clarinium*, and was twice acted at his father's seat of Burton Pynsent, in Somersetshire. There every day the illustrious father instructed the "sweet and noble boy" in the art of oratory. There he who of all men knew how best to rivet the attention of multitudes, gave lessons, never forgotten, in action and

* Vol. v. p. 38.

elocution, and instilled a taste for just emphasis and melodious cadence by causing William to recite passages from the best English poets, and particularly Shakespeare and Milton. Of these one of his favourites was the debate in Pandemonium in the second book of *Paradise Lost*. His clear and deep-toned voice was always well managed, and he could afford in after years to be reproached by the wits of Brookes's for having been "taught by his dad on a stool." The health of the precocious child did not keep pace with his understanding, and it was only by means of horse exercise and port wine that his strength was sustained till fifteen years of age. The tonic regimen appears to have suited him well, for at that age he acquired fresh vigour, and was little molested by sickness during the rest of his life. His early debility deprived him of the advantage of a public school, for which, generally speaking, no private tuition can compensate. A clergyman named Wilson instructed him at home, and at fifteen his knowledge of the classics and mathematics exceeded that of most men who enter at college. In 1773 he was sent to Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, where a senior wrangler named Pretymann became his private tutor. The preceptor was a sound scholar and good geometrician. A sincere friendship sprung up between him and his pupil. Fourteen years later Pitt made him Dean of St. Paul's and Bishop of Lincoln, and when Pitt died, Pretymann returned these favours by writing a very indifferent life of his benefactor. Being of noble birth, Pitt, according to a bad usage, was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts without an examination, and it was not till then, being seventeen years of age, that he mixed freely in the best society Cambridge could afford. Happily for him he laid in a stock of learning which the business habits of his after years would have made it impossible for him to acquire. He was charmed beyond measure with Newton's *Principia*, and his passion for mathematics was thought even to require a check. He could not write Greek and Latin verses as fast as many who had been at Eton; his elegiacs and hexameters would have borne no comparison with those of Wellesley and Canning; but few scholars at twenty ever read *Cassandra*, as he did easily at first sight. Some idea may be formed of the difficulty of Lycophron when it is said, that he is as obscure in ancient Greek as Robert Browning is in English, and much more difficult than Persius in Latin. But genius dispenses with drudgery, and overcomes difficulties by intuitive perceptions.

It was well for Pitt that his studies were not too discursive. He paid slight attention to modern languages, and even his classical attainments were made to contribute to the purity and force of his English

style. His tutors, both Wilson and Pretyma, had constantly exercised him in reading Greek and Latin authors straight into his native language, when by looking over a page or two he had mastered the sense. The habit of selecting the most suitable words thus grew upon him, and made him at last unrivalled in the extemporaneous expression of ideas. He carefully studied the speeches of Pericles, Æschines, and the two chiefs of ancient oratory. He analysed the arguments closely, observing their weak and strong points, and committing to memory the most telling perorations. He thus became so skilful in dialectics, that he detected fallacies in a moment, and sat as a youth, to Fox's astonishment, in the House of Lords, "thinking only how all the speeches on both sides could be answered," and evincing, by his remarks, the keen interest he took in the debates. Intending to make politics the business of his life, it is no wonder that he early became acquainted with Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, in which every branch of commerce and political economy was treated as profoundly as the state of society then permitted. In June 1780 Pitt was called to the bar, and in August of the same year he joined the Western Circuit. In September he stood for Cambridge with ill success; but in the January following, having been returned for Appleby, he took his seat on the 23d of that month. Exactly twenty-five years after, he closed his career, and Fox, his senior by ten years, stepped into his vacant place.

Pitt began, as we have seen, with port for weakness, but he ended with weakness for port. Often after discussing a bottle at Brookes's, where Fox had proposed him as a member, he would adjourn with his choicest friends to Bellamy's and "help finish a couple more." His wit and pleasantries made him the idol of a select few; and Wilberforce, the most intimate of them all, affirmed that he was the wittiest man he had ever known. Primed with wine, the young man used to rise in the House of Commons with singular composure, and support every liberal measure with all the ardour of his father in his best days. It was in this spirit that he supported Burke in his plan of economical reform; denounced the war with America as barbarous, unjust, and diabolical; declared himself the enemy of close boroughs and village constituencies, and advocated the shortening of the duration of Parliaments. Already, according to Fox, he was one of the first men in the House. He was not, Burke said, a chip of the old block; he was the old block itself. How he managed to pay his way with only 300*l.* a year and a few briefs, it is difficult to conceive, except by supposing that he did not pay it at all, and that his creditors paid it for him. But, however convenient this plan may appear for a time, debts are exorbitant

usurers, and they helped at last to break the heart of William Pitt.

The party to which the young statesman was attracted at the beginning of his public life requires an exact description. It belonged to the Opposition, but it was not the Opposition itself. That body consisted of two sections; the one, pure Whigs, headed by Lord Rockingham, and led by the dissipated but generous and agreeable Fox; the other, nondescript Whigs, or Chathamites, at whose head was Lord Shelburne, and to whom, by force of early education and respect for his great father, William was allied, together with Lord Camden, Barré, and Dunning. Each of these sections came successively into power. Rockingham with his little band was the first who stood on the ruins of the North administration. He was desirous of securing Pitt's support, and offered him the easy and highly-paid office of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. But even at that early period Pitt had resolved to accept nothing which did not include a seat in the Cabinet. The pride of birth as the son of Chatham was mingled in him with the pride of superior ability. He would be second to no man, however influential and experienced. If youth was his defect he was willing to wait. Time would cure that failing; but it might never retrieve the false step of accepting an office inferior to his deserts. He therefore refused 5000*l.* a-year, and declared his resolution publicly in Parliament. Many thought him arrogant, and indeed he himself repented of having expressed his intention so frankly. The doctors in scarlet at Cambridge sitting in Golgotha had already censured his presumption in standing for the University at the age of one-and-twenty, and his conduct on this occasion was not likely to change their opinion of him. Yet he who refuses 5000*l.* a-year has the strength of a Titan. The reflection is obvious. Presumptuous or not, he *must* have the soul of Hercules. Thus Pitt kept the judgment of others concerning him in suspense.

Lord Rockingham died in 1782 before his cabinet had lasted three months. Lord Shelburne took his place at the head of the Treasury; and Fox and Burke having resigned, Pitt was regarded as the fittest person to supply the deficit of genius thus occasioned in the party. He had scarcely completed his twenty-third year, but his colleagues proposed to him, and he accepted without hesitation, the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was known to be on good terms with Fox, and was deputed to invite his return to the government he had forsaken. But his mediation was of no avail. Fox disliked and distrusted Shelburne. He would not act with him; Pitt would not betray him. They parted, and never met again in a private

room. Perhaps they accomplished the ends of their being better apart than they could have done together. There is a gain in individual development greater than that which comes of mutual compromise.

Turning away from Pitt his natural ally, Fox declined on North, a most unnatural one. Nine months before, he and Burke had threatened Lord North with impeachment, and had upbraided him as the type of imbecile and arbitrary ministers. To unite with such a statesman was to forfeit his claim to consistency, and to incur the charge of indulging private pique and being restlessly ambitious to regain power. He is defended on the ground of his anxiety to infuse new mental vigour into the Whigs; but his best friends allow that his conduct in this matter was deeply to be regretted. During seven years he had declaimed against the American war, and he now joined with its promoters in censuring the treaty of peace. In January 1783 his intention of uniting with them closely became more apparent than ever, and Pitt, who was recovering from illness, and spoke when the House was tired, lost his good humour. Forgetting how dangerous it is to attack a wit, he advised Sheridan to confine himself to the amusement of audiences at the theatre. This advice provoked an admirable retort. "After what I have seen and heard to-night," said Sheridan, "I really feel strongly tempted to venture on a competition with so great an artist as Ben Jonson, and to bring on the stage a second *Angry Boy*." The laugh was turned against the petulant young Chancellor, and for some time he went by the name of the *Angry Boy*. But he was not the man to be silenced by repartee. Not many days after, he assailed the Coalition in all its weakest points. It was hated by the King, distrusted even by its friends, and repudiated by the people; it stultified the personal antecedents of its chiefs; it was an ill-omened and unnatural marriage, and if it were not yet consummated, he knew of a just and lawful impediment, and in the name of the public weal he forbade the bans. But in spite of the enormous disparity, the political lovers were pledged, and their incongruous union was duly sealed. They saw that Shelburne and his colleagues could not stand. They defeated them twice in the teeth of Pitt's strenuous resistance. They compelled them to resign, and thus stormed their way into the presence of a reluctant master. Often did the King entreat Pitt to become Premier, but as often did the juvenile orator refuse. He knew how to resist importunity, and could bear to be called faint-hearted by his sovereign. His hour was coming, but it was not yet come. He grasped at no transient elevation, but aspired to a permanent seat. He had a life

before him. Let Fox disport himself for an hour on the dizzy height, his partner would soon drag him over the precipice, and his fall would be great!

The Whigs therefore, under Fox and the Duke of Portland, were installed in April 1783, and North, the representative of absolutism and regal obstinacy, was numbered among them. But the policy Pitt was bent on pursuing differed widely from theirs, and had a twofold aspect. He stood forth as the champion of two branches of the legislature—each, in his opinion, improperly controlled in its action—the King and the people. Each, he believed, was oppressed by an oligarchical tyranny of Whig nobles, who had long exercised undue sway; who, in consequence of their wealth and influence, filled the House of Commons with their minions; who often resisted the King when he was in the right; and always discouraged the freedom of elections and the extension of the franchise. Herein was Pitt's strength—he was doing battle for two great parties, two great principles. He was at once the friend of monarchy and of democracy. He secured the favour of the sovereign and the hurrahs of smiths and scavengers. He assailed the strong-built fortress of Whiggery with the battering-ram of parliamentary reform, but he seemed to make little impression on the frowning bastions. He proposed, in 1783, the disfranchisement of boroughs convicted of corruption practised by more than half the voters. The measure was rejected of course. Two years later he attempted an enlargement of county constituencies by the admission of copyholders, the enfranchisement of Manchester, Birmingham, and six other manufacturing towns, and the transfer of seventy-two members for thirty-six decayed boroughs to the metropolis and the counties. Nearly a hundred thousand electors were thus to be added to the electoral body, and the borough-mongers were to be so humoured, that they might, if they pleased, *sell* their boroughs to the Government! But even this moderate and most conciliatory scheme was rejected like the former. The craftsmen would not part so easily with their silver shrines. As late as 1790 Pitt's opinion was unchanged, but he despaired of being able to rectify the existing abuses. The horrors of the reign of Danton and Marat in the French capital at a later period indisposed the country gentlemen of England to any change in a popular direction, and retarded the destined reform in our representation for many years.

The alliance between Fox and North appeared at first to be compact and strong. But though it commanded for a time a majority in both Houses, it was soon in difficulties. The heads, indeed, of the parties were united, but the parties themselves were as hostile as

ever. The absolutists and the Whigs regarded the respective chiefs of the new Government as traitors, and were ready to desert them when the first favourable opportunity should occur. Oxford, which had chosen Lord North for its Chancellor, and the city of London, which had resisted the Court two-and-twenty years, were equally indignant. King and people, therefore, looked about for a deliverer, and it was Pitt's rare good fortune to attract the attention and esteem of both. All sides, in short, were preparing to tender him their support, and the variety of their motives only strengthened the hands of him on whom their confidence reposed. Fox and North had but to propose some important measure, and it was pretty sure that his enemies would find it full of vulnerable points. Such a measure was Fox's East India Bill. It proposed that the power of the Company should be transferred to seven commissioners, to be nominated by Parliament for four years, and then to receive their appointment from the Crown. Earl Fitzwilliam, Fox's most intimate friend, was to be chairman of the board, and Lord North's eldest son was to be one of its members. It is evident that, if this plan had succeeded, it would have thrown immense and dangerous influence into the hands of Fox. Commanding, as he then did, a majority in both Houses, it would have made him virtually the governor of India and the distributor of unbounded patronage. Sayer represented him, in a notable caricature, as Carlo Khan making his triumphal entry into Leadenhall-street. His face was that of North; he bestrode an elephant; and Burke, blowing a trumpet, led him to the door of the India House. The Common Council of London petitioned against the Bill, and their example was followed by other corporations. Yet it certainly would have passed, had not the King, with malicious ingenuity, devised a scheme for its rejection. Never was a sovereign more tricky and more successful. He defeated the Bill, the Parliament, and his own ministers. The message he sent by Lord Temple to the wavering Peers was unconstitutional enough, but it decided them at once on the side of royalty. They thought but little about the welfare of the thirty millions of Indians who were subject to the Company, and they cared less. Their eyes were suddenly opened to the injustice of the Bill, and their hearts yearned towards the greatest corporation in the empire. To violate its charter, and to substitute a board of Fox's nominees, would place in the hands of one man—and that man the King's mortal aversion—patronage enough to outweigh the Admiralty and the Treasury, and decide the fate of fifty elections. The King's cause would prove the strongest in the end, and it were surely better to be on the winning side. Seven or eight

votes would turn the fortune of the day, and when George III. himself threatened every Peer who voted for Fox's Bill with his personal displeasure, would it not be wiser to have an eye to the main chance—to remember that Lords of the Bedchamber could hold their places only by royal favour, and that mitres were in the gift of the Crown? An adjournment was proposed by the Opposition, and to the astonishment of all who were not in the secret, it was carried by eighty-seven to seventy-nine votes. But the intrigue was soon bruited abroad, and the King, standing manfully to his guns, required Fox and North to resign their seals, without even admitting them to an interview.

Pitt was now Premier. Lord Temple, who had been the instrument employed for warping the Peers, resigned his place in the new ministry after three days, and thereby removed from it an obvious scandal and reproach. Even those who rejoiced at the King's success were unable to justify the means by which it was brought about, and Pitt was fortunate by being able to affirm that he had no hand in the singular machination. The private virtues of George III., his urbanity and kindness to all who approached him, the concern he felt for their misfortunes, and the pensions he granted to men of worth and genius, contributed to secure for him the support of the people, and to establish for the Crown an ascendancy which lasted fifty years. The power of the Whig nobles as an oligarchy never returned; and when that of the sovereign declined, it yielded to the democratic element, which is now always acquiring new force.

The Opposition which Pitt had to encounter in the outset was formidable. Though the country applauded him, men of the richest endowments—Fox and Burke, Sheridan and North—opposed him. In sixteen divisions they defeated the Government; but the intrepid son of Chatham stood firm as a cliff. The Clerkship of the Pells fell vacant, and it was worth 3000*l.* a-year. Pitt might have appointed himself, for it was in his gift. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer as well as First Lord of the Treasury. It was expected he would avail himself of this privilege, but he generously bestowed it on the poor and blind Colonel Barré. It was a wise stroke of policy; even his enemies praised him in this matter, and none ever ventured afterwards to question his probity. Pecuniary disinterestedness is the rarest of virtues, and there is therefore nothing which the public appreciates more highly. Some years later, when, owing to the King's insanity, the Prince of Wales was likely to become Regent, and to dismiss Pitt from office, he showed the same integrity and freedom from sordid ambition. The merchants and bankers of London were aware of his slender resources, and grateful for the many

benefits he had conferred on commerce; and they offered most generously to present him with 100,000*l.*, that he might be raised above the caprice of fortune. This noble gift he refused without hesitation, saying to George Rose that "nothing on earth should induce him to accept it." It was by conduct like this that he gained the esteem of persons of the highest character, such as Wilberforce and Mrs. Hannah More,* and contrasted to advantage with his dissipated rival. The majority in the House which the opponents of Pitt enjoyed for a moment dwindled down to a single vote; and the Parliament being then dissolved in March 1784, the people responded eagerly to the royal appeal, and a hundred and sixty friends of the Fox and North coalition lost their seats. Wilberforce, Pitt's best ally, was returned for Yorkshire in spite of the strenuous opposition of the great Whig families, the University of Cambridge elected Pitt as their representative, and at the age of twenty-five he began his reign over a vast empire. It was to last seventeen years—through nine years of peace and eight of war—to be undisputed in the Cabinet, approved of Parliament, applauded by the nation, and warmly supported by the Sovereign in whose name it was established and carried on. Neither Lord Chatham, Walpole, nor Godolphin had exercised such sway, nor had been able to embody so many different elements in their administration. Never was there a period in our Government in which a firmer hand was required, nor one in which it was more excusable to substitute strength for utility, and to face the dangers from without, instead of correcting the evils and abuses within.

During the first half of Pitt's long administration, the country enjoyed prosperity and peace. The predictions of its enemies were falsified; the loss of the American colonies had not crippled her strength; her exchequer was not drained, nor her commerce impaired. The debt which had been incurred proved, after all, but a light burden, and Pitt's dexterity made it seem lighter still. There was a deficit of three millions and a floating debt of fourteen millions. The three per cents had fallen to 56; and the anxiety which this caused was removed by a stroke of finance worthy of a prime minister who was also Chancellor of the Exchequer. By increased taxation he raised 900,000*l.*, and at the same time he created his famous Sinking Fund. It was an old idea of Walpole's revived. It consisted in a million per annum being laid by out of the revenue to accumulate at compound interest, and so redeem the public debt with money not extracted from the pockets of tax-payers. Of course it was a hocus-pocus, for it borrowed money

* See her *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 140.

to pay a debt; yet it quieted the restless multitude, and hoodwinked both the friends and enemies of the Government. Being found useless, it was abolished in 1829. If a portion of the public revenue be set apart to be applied to the reduction of a national debt, it is evident that some extra means must be employed to raise that portion, or that the national expenditure must be diminished; for he who is in debt can have nothing to lay by unless his income be increased or his expenses lessened. Many of the imposts introduced by Pitt continue in force, such as the duties on game certificates, excise licenses, and horses; while others have been rescinded by a wiser policy, such as the window and paper-tax, the taxes on candles, bricks, tiles, calico, and linen. The happiness and welfare of a people is best consulted by taxing as far as possible the luxuries and leaving untaxed the necessities of life. The duties on tea and spirits were diminished under Pitt's administration; and thus the trade of smugglers, who numbered about forty thousand, was happily impaired. Nearly half of the national debt of fourteen millions having been funded by Pitt, he was highly extolled for this also, and described as the prince of financiers. Yet he himself defended his conduct on the plea of necessity; and while he followed the vicious examples of his predecessors, he did justice in his speeches to the true principles of finance. It was the old story of seeing and approving the better course and pursuing the worse.*

The extraordinary popularity which Pitt enjoyed enabled him not only to palm off his sinking fund on the nation successfully, but also to adjust the India question, which Fox, through royal interference, had been compelled to abandon. He was content to enact, in the first instance, a partial change, to control the unruly Company by means of a Board; and then at a later period, in 1786, to diminish the power of the Directors still further by vesting the nomination of the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief in the Crown, and by uniting both these offices in one person. Again, in 1787, his Declaratory Bill increased the number of royal troops in India, and appropriated Indian revenue to useful purposes without asking the consent of the Directors. The result of these laws was highly beneficial; and Earl Russell allows that Dundas had some reason for boasting that, before Pitt's time, we never had a Government of India acting in harmony together at home and abroad on pure and sound principles.

* Macaulay's Biographies, p. 189. Westminster Review, July 1862.

A Ramble in Sabinum.

ON the 1st of March at sunrise, a great many years ago, two Englishmen, with their guide Domenico, passed out from Rome on the Via Salaria for an expedition into Sabinum. We had come chiefly for curiosity—the Englishman's occupation—to see what we could of Rome and its vicinity. A pair of light Roman horses took our vehicle at a fair pace towards Cures, now Correze; from that place we were to proceed on foot.

Our guide Domenico, a sinister-looking, servile fellow, wore an English shooting-jacket, was attended by a couple of dogs, and carried a good double-barrelled gun. He was one of those men who are spoiled and made venal by their intercourse with English, and the touch of English gold. "We should perhaps," he said, "pick up a woodcock, or some snipes, or at least some thrushes." He sought to please us by hinting a desire to get rid of religion and a priest for a king. He said that he had been, in time past, with Leo XII., who at times enjoyed the sight of a boar-hunt in Sabinum; but we did not always take Domenico's word for gospel. We soon crossed the Anio, which came down from our right, across the road—a rapid turbid stream, with a considerable volume of water, the "*Aniena fluente*," rushing on to join the Tiber. Near the confluence, and hard by the Tiber, stands Castel Giubileo—the ancient Fidenæ—on a strong hill commanding the road; it must have been a place of considerable military strength. Three miles on lies Crustumium, now Marcigliano, on a long ridge, not of such height as the first, but strong and precipitous. We then passed several little streams running down to the Tiber, with steep banks, one of which was perhaps the Allia.

We soon saw before us the range of Mt. Lucretilis, on the hither side of which lay Horace's farm, for he had from it a full view of Soracte, the top of which was visible on the other side of the Tiber—a beautiful peaked outline. It was Horace's signal for a larger supply of billets upon the hearth when the snow lay upon it—"dum stet nive candidum." There was a little snow upon its further sides, but not much; while Lucretilis was considerably whitened with it in front of us. At half-past eleven we put up at Cures, some twenty or thirty miles from Rome; and here we dismissed our

carriage to proceed on foot, with our knapsacks at our back. The remains of Numa's birthplace are but small—an osteria, with a few out-houses, form Correze. But the old village of Cures was in a flat somewhat further on; it must have been a hamlet of no military position or strength. A bright stream runs by it, with a gravelly bed, and we were told has trout of a pound weight in it. We followed the course of the pretty stream, across some fine meadows, and gradually entered a woodland scene; then, leaving the little river, turned away to the right under the hills which rose around us and, as they opened, discovered to us our first sight of a Sabine valley—such a one as Horace had "*in votis*." Right opposite stood Soracte, rising high in the distance towards Etruria. The valley consists of sunny slopes, or rather of glades running amid thickly-wooded slopes, over which the wild vine creeps and hangs.

We returned to Cures; and after a draught of "vile Sabinum"—which is far from despicable, being a good, strong-bodied, and well-tasted dark wine, bearing some resemblance to Burgundy—we set out for Castel S. Pietro, a walk of some fifteen miles. We followed the rivulet, or "*fosso*," of Cures through a pleasant vale, and soon had peeps of the distant Sabine mountains, and the town of Farfar on the summit of a hill. But I had not prepared myself for the pleasures of a three days' walk in Sabinum. Rocks rose from the valley like pictures in the old editions of Virgil, and the opposite side was clothed with hanging wood, like the fairy banks of the Wye. Crossing the rivulet and ascending the banks, we entered a wood upon a mountain side, and looked down on a valley through which the river Farfar was winding. Several cities upon the hills studded the vale—at the head of the valley Castel S. Pietro crowning a hill-top, and on similar heights Montopoli and Aspra. The wood was full of violets and a small sweet bell-flower. The oaks still retained their brown leaves, and the olives and holm oaks gave an appearance of summer leafiness in the early spring. Woodmen were engaged in burning large quantities of wood for charcoal. Descending the mountain, and crossing a little stream at its foot, we gained a fresh view towards Castel Nuovo, rising on a picturesque conical hill. The slopes around were covered with the gray olives, the black fruit of which was now ready for gathering. Evening was closing in as we crossed the bridge of the river Farfar. The stream runs clear and swift, and has trout of two and three pound, which they spear like salmon by torchlight. Our path ascended a steep mountain side, through vineyards, to Castel S. Pietro. Short elms, with the tops and branches lopped, supported the vines. Higher upon the hill the olive-trees covered the rocky ground, the soil of

which was so scanty that it was a wonder they could grow so well and to such a size. A party of olive-gatherers were shaking the trees or picking the black fruit, which was ripe and oily, but very bitter to the taste. A few cypress-trees crowned the brow, and opposite these sat a knot of peasant-girls, who had been engaged in the olive-gathering. Our classical ideas were then uppermost, and the Georgics rushed to the mind :

"Difficiles terræ, collesque maligni,
Tenuis ubi argilla, et dumosis calculus arvis,
Palladiâ gaudent silvâ vivacis olivæ."

We turned to look at the setting sun, which was going down behind Soracte and the Volsinian mountains far away in Etruria; the whole valley beneath us, studded with its white cities upon the hill-tops, was glowing crimson as it sank; and just as it went down we entered Castel S. Pietro. We could see the whole of our route as on a map, and St. Peter's on the horizon, though near forty miles distant. No doubt they can see distinctly from S. Pietro the glorious lighting of the dome upon Easter-eve.

There are, or were, no inns in Sabinum; so our guide Domenico took us to the parish priest, whom he highly praised as not one of your everyday men. He certainly was most hospitable, coming out to meet us with bread and wine and a basket of eggs, insisting on our eating immediately. His ejaculations of delight at seeing two Englishmen showed that he knew some little English, which he made us understand that he had learned in Malta. As our Italian was very scanty, we could not keep up much conversation, but made the best of our Lenten fare, and found the wine excellent. After our refreshment, the good *arciprête* took us to visit the pretty parish church, which was handsome, and had some good paintings. He rang the bell himself to summon the people for Benediction. On our return we received an invitation, through Domenico, to visit one of the chief families of the little town, and were shown into a room in a handsome house, which our guide called the "Palazzo." The pictures and furniture bespoke wealth and station, and the party assembled was attractive in appearance, with fine classical features—the lady of the house in particular; their manners pleasing and well-bred, and our only regret was that our smattering of Italian did not enable us to answer the shower of questions which were asked about England. We were the first English, they said, that had ever visited Castel S. Pietro. We retired to separate lodgings in the houses of some acquaintances of our guide; and in the morning, at five o'clock, the loud chorus of the birds awakened one scatter-

brained Englishman, who had planned an early bathe in the Farfar, and descended the hill to accomplish it. His purpose having been discovered, the astonishment of the early-stirring population was excessive; a glass was procured to watch him take his plunge. The water was warm for six in the morning on the 2d of March; but the act was imprudent, and was probably the cause of fever and ague on his return to Rome.

In his descent, he found the olive-gatherers already at their labour. They offered him some berries; and when he made a wry face at their bitter taste, they laughed, and, placing a few beneath the embers of a wood fire which smouldered beneath the tree, they let them roast a little space, and then gave them to him to eat. They were now agreeable, having lost their bitterness, and were soft and rich. "Have you any olives in your country?" was their question. "No, none." "O, what a country!" they exclaimed; "no olives!"

The thickets were still sounding with the chaffinch—*acalanthide dumi*—as we started in the morning air for a tour among the hills. The morning song of birds in Italy is a shout rather than a song—so joyous and loud. The spring was just breaking, the air balmy and full of perfume, every bank and bush glancing and rustling with bright restless little lizards, playing in the sun, which was powerful enough, but not oppressive.

On our way we passed an olive-press. A mule was drawing round a heavy millstone, under which the fruit was crushed to a pulp; this is gathered into round cakes, which again are placed under a powerful press moved by a lever on a screw; the oil flows from it into a trough cut in the marble slab below, and is received in a vat beneath, from which sheep-skins are filled and laid on asses, and so conveyed to Rome. The oil is as clear as the finest water, and so sweet, when it first issues, that we were invited to dip a piece of bread in it and taste it. We found it indeed sweet and pure, and delightful to the taste. After many ascents and descents through oak and hazel, we found ourselves in a new valley under Salesano, the town to which we were making our way. It is perched on a mountain-top, like the other cities of Sabinum. You would think it could have neither water nor access; but the white buildings crowning the crags are most picturesque. The view on every side was very beautiful; the hill-sides covered with myrtles and evergreens full of birds and lizards, smelling of the myrtle-leaf and flower, and every bud bursting under the influence of the sun, which was now hot and

powerful. Low in the bottom of the vale, beneath three wild and wooded hills, on a strong, rocky, steep cone, lay a Gothic castle and town in ruins,—the “*Rocca Buldesca*,” or Castle of Theobald, built in the feudal times; such as might have served the purpose of the Unknown in the *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni. Our road wound through deep gorges overhung with holm oak, by the little stream which springs from the mountain of Salesano.

A friend of Domenico's came down to meet us leaving a donkey, if we wished to ride, kissed Domenico on the cheek, and bowed to us. A steep ascent but good road brought us up to Salesano by mid-day. We were hospitably received, and found excellent provision of omelette, bread, fruit, and wine. Salesano, as its name implies, is so healthy a little town that, with a population of about 500, only three had died in the last two years, and these of old age. The houses are open to all, for wine, olives, figs, and cheese are so cheap and abundant that they are next to nothing in value, and as for bread, “you can get it for nothing down at Rieti yonder.” We entered the church, built in the best Roman style, adorned with marble and with excellent paintings. A little child plucked the English stranger by the sleeve of his blouse, and, pointing to a beautiful picture, said, with an affectionate look and smile, “Yonder is our Lady della Rosea Valle.” From Salesano you view to the right the valley of the Farfar, to the left the high ranges of the snow-clad Apennines, in the front Lucretilis. There was talk in the town of gold lately discovered in the mountain just by; but they said, and truly, “What do we want with it?” Here we English had a practical answer to the nursery-imbibed prejudices of our countrymen. Here we were in the midst of the oppressed and priest-ridden population of the States of Rome, under the Pontificate of the resolute Gregory XVI. They said themselves, We are happy—we want nothing—we are content and free. The young men, with their gun, hat and feathers, were the pictures of happy and rather idle mountaineers. The curse of revolution and impiety has fallen on that once happy Paradise, to blight and destroy.

But to return. We passed from Salesano after mid-day, with a guide, in his brigand hat and jacket, with his gun, for we had resolved to climb the nearest of the Apennines. The valley side through which we passed was filled with evergreens and stately cypress trees; but we soon gained the naked mountain-sides; and climbing hill upon hill, each commanding a nobler view, we found ourselves, after a toilsome and hot walk, wading in the snows of the Apennines, at first in patches and then continuous, until we arrived at the summit, on which stood a wooden cross.

From this lofty point, in clear weather, both seas can be seen : through the distant haze we could catch a glimpse of the Mare Inferum, towards the west ; but mountains seemed to shut the Adriatic from our view. Around us were the snowy peaks of the Apennines ; below, in the wide expanse of the valley, lay the city of Rieti, with the Velinus winding its way to join the Nar through the Velino and Lugo lakes, and the dewy fields of the Rosei Campi — the “*Rosea rura Velina*” (Virgil, *Æn.* vii.). It was such a spot as in the fancy of Virgil Alecto takes her stand upon, when

“*de culmine summo*

Pastorale canit signum . . .

Audiit et Trivim longe lacus, audiit amnis

Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini.”

To the left the Tiber, rolling like a serpent through the Campagna from Etruria and the Volsinian mountains ; behind us to the southward Lucretilis, on which the snow yet lingered.

Though we cooled our cup of wine with snow, the air on the mountain-top breathed mild and soft. The blouse was sufficiently warm, though sunset was coming on. The night closed in upon us with bright deep colours over the Etrurian mountains, as we stumbled our way over rough broken paths back to Castel S. Pietro. We were glad to arrive there, and to receive the hearty welcome of our kind host, who had been at the trouble, as it was a meat-day, to go to a neighbouring town to procure us a “beefsteak.” We found him in a great heat, after his evening “predicazione” of an hour.

In the morning, again so clear, and ushered in by the songs of birds, the wanderer strolled out early to look down upon the “paese” or village of Boccignali, lying in a hollow of the mountains, in the midst of vineyards. The olive-gatherers were at their morning work. The Angelus was ringing from the campanelle of the towns ; Soracte and the distant Etrurian mountains were tipped with the light of the morning sun.

Our kind old host came out to bid us good-bye, and begged that we would bring the whole of the family party from Rome to visit him. Two of Domenico’s friends accompanied us some way in their bandit hats and jackets, and then wished us farewell with the air of Rob Roy. We returned from S. Pietro on the right side of the valley, towards the north, in the direction of Poggio Mirteto and Terni. The Farfar ran beside us some way, until we passed it by a singular natural bridge, where the river has forced itself through a projecting promontory of rock, and forms an arch, hung with ivy and evergreens, over the rapid river. Here the Farfar left us, continuing its course through hanging banks and woods. By our

present route we neared Soracte, with its seven convents on its several peaks; a wood lay between us and it, the ancient "lucus Feroniæ." At length we arrived at Cures, which is now "Gabiis desertior."

While eating our omelette in the osteria, we heard loud voices below; Domenico informed us they were playing at the "Passatella," a game forbidden on account of the violence that often follows. By flinging out the fingers, as at the mora, they find a *magister vini*, who has full command for two rounds over the wine—either to make or forbid to drink, or to drink *ad libitum* himself. He then appoints a second master; and so the game proceeds, upon a fresh order of wine. The quarrel often arises when an unfortunate thirsty individual can get no compassion from the master. The occurrence was interesting from the classical antiquity of the game—"nec regna vini sortiere talis." Again passing the Allia, and the lines of fallen masonry on the hill which mark the old site of Crustumerium, Marcigliano, we passed the Ponte Salaro over the Anio, and re-entered Rome, sunburnt by our walk, and considering that Domenico had redeemed his promise to show us some fine country and good people in Sabinum.

Our Library Table.

1. A Nonconformist on Ritualism.
2. Mrs. WEBSTER'S Poems.
3. RIBADENEIRA'S Lives of the Saints.
4. A Winter in Algeria.
5. Father PERRONE on the Virtue of Religion.
6. Life of Charles Townshend.
7. Life in a French Chateau.
8. Books of Meditation.
9. Notes on the Roman Ritual.

1. Under the title of *Micah, the Priest-maker*,* Mr. T. Binney, a well-known dissenting minister—who styles himself, however, a nonconformist member of the Church of England—has published the substance of some Sunday Lectures on Ritualism, delivered a short time ago to his own congregation. The volume is interesting as an evidence how widely spread is the disturbance of thought created by the Ritualist movement, which is being canvassed so freely even outside the pale of the Establishment. Mr. Binney seems to think that all English Protestants have a right to hear what is to be said on the matter, and it would certainly seem that his own congregation must have been interested in his Lectures, as he does not appear to have felt any compunction as to troubling it at very considerable length for six successive Sundays with a detailed account of the chief questions at issue. He has gone into the matter conscientiously, and it would seem dispassionately, and his pages are by no means overloaded with mere declamation or appeal to prejudice. Considering his position, his account of Ritualist practice and doctrine can hardly be called unfair.

Mr. Binney begins by speaking of the wide extent which the Ritualist developments have attained, closing his first discourse with an account of a "High Celebration" in Liverpool, at which the "celebrant" was no other than the Anglican "bishop" of Chester—"It had rather a peculiar interest to me," says Mr. Binney, "as I remembered him when he was a dissenting student in Homerton College, some forty years ago and more." (We do not, however, gather from the description that the "bishop" wore a vestment on the occasion.) Mr. Binney then devotes two sections to the questions of Vestments. "Are they scriptural?" he inquires: and having answered the question to his own satisfaction in the negative, he

* *Micah, the Priest-maker*. A Handbook on Ritualism. By T. Binney. London, 1867.

proceeds to discuss whether they are legal. Then of course he has laboriously to contend against the well-known rubric in the Prayer-book. He is obliged fairly to admit that the letter of the law is apparently in favour of Ritualism; but he adds a remark not without its weight, that it is "morally questionable to insist on the literal and grammatical sense of the rubric so as to change the aspect of the Church in her public services, and to contradict the spirit which has been working in her, as a reformed Church, for 300 years." In fact, the more clearly the Ritualists prove that the letter of the Prayer-book *enjoins* the use of sacrificial "vestments," the more hopelessly do they involve their communion in the charge of the gravest dereliction of duty in having abandoned them for so many generations: but this remark has a double force if we consider, as Mr. Binney proceeds to observe, that "it is because the revived 'ornaments of the ministers' are connected with revived *doctrine* that so much importance is attached to them." We cannot imagine that so great a stand should be made by men like the Ritualists for anything merely æsthetical, or even for any adjunct of public worship which simply conduces to enhance its splendour. They must therefore maintain that the Establishment has for three centuries been so faithless as to cease to witness to the doctrines of the Christian Priesthood and Sacrifice; nor can any reason be imagined for such a cessation, except that it ceased to believe those doctrines. How, then, on their own showing, was the "priesthood" itself handed on?

From his discussion of the vestments, Mr. Binney proceeds to speak of the doctrines maintained by the Ritualists. With regard to the Priesthood, in the fullest sense of the term, he comes to the true conclusion that the Anglican Ordination service is so framed that its "pervading idea is that of a ministry, not a priesthood." "There is not a word about 'holy mysteries,' or 'the tremendous sacrifice,' or any allusion to the virtue of priestly *acts* as things done." It is perfectly clear that the Reformers, as they meant to do away with all notion of the Sacrifice, so also they never meant their Ordinal to contain any words conferring the sacrificial power on their (so-called) "Priests." But then, Mr. Binney is obliged to confess that "there does occur that extraordinary assumption of power, by which the bishop professes to give the Holy Ghost, and to confer the ability of remitting and retaining sins." "These words," he frankly confesses, "constitute the 'dead fly' in the service that taints and poisons the whole jar of 'ointment.'" He fairly allows that these words, and the form of absolution given in the Office for the Sick, give the Ritualists a standing ground for these doctrines. In the same way, he discusses the question as to the places in the Prayer-book in which reference is made to the doctrine of the Real Presence, and here again he allows to a certain extent the Ritualist position. He thinks that "some of the language retained in the Prayer-book is suggestive, and was most likely intended to be suggestive, of a certain mysterious presence of Christ in the Sacrament—the shadow, as it were, of the old doctrine, which lingered in the mind of the Reformers after the substance had departed." But then,

he says, the Ritualists, in their books of devotion—which are usually translations from Catholic works—go far beyond anything that can be sanctioned by the Prayer-book. He concludes his discussion of doctrine by a long disquisition on the subject of baptism, in which he comes to the conclusion that the High Church doctrine is that which is supported by the Anglican formularies.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Binney, a conscientious and in many respects well-informed "outsider," comes to the conclusion that the Ritualists have a fair ground for much of what they maintain and practise as ministers of the Establishment. When he comes to the practical question, what can be done to put an end to these dangerous innovations, as he considers them, he does not seem very hopeful either as to the efficiency of episcopal control or as to recourse to the law courts. Indeed, if we understand him rightly, the only way for persons who think as he does is to preach against the doctrines and practices in question—a method which may perhaps make the subject very disagreeable to the frequenters of certain Nonconformist chapels, but which will certainly not convert a single Ritualist. Since Mr. Binney's volume was published, the Upper House of the Anglican Convocation for the Province of Canterbury has passed a resolution that no such changes as those which have been made by the Ritualists in public worship ought to be introduced without the consent of the Bishop; and the Lower House has agreed to this declaration. As far as we have had an opportunity of seeing the Ritualist organs of opinion since this resolution was passed, it does not seem to have been received with much deference. The *Church Review* considers that its authority is only partial, "because the feeling of the Lower House of Convocation" (as evidenced in a report drawn up by its committee last year) "is not accordant with it." The same organ makes some strong objections to the use made by the Upper House of some words in the rubric which enjoins reference to the Bishop in doubtful cases. It asks, with naïve simplicity, is a priest in the diocese of Norwich not to restore Sunday and festival communions in his church without asking Dr. Pelham; and if Dr. McNeile were to be made a Bishop, "is a priest bound to accept every corrupt custom which Bishop McNeile would be indifferent to or might approve until God in His mercy should remove the obstruction to the Catholic faith which in His anger He had sent?" The *Church Times* is even more scornful: it speaks of "a proposition so exceedingly simple and axiomatic that we should have thought that even a Bishop could not but see it." In short, the resolution has called forth already fresh proofs from the Ritualist writers of the entire difference of the spirit which prevails among them from that of the Oxford movement, of which they claim the inheritance. The Oxford leaders had reason enough to dislike and distrust their Bishops; but they were sagacious enough to see that as they professed to act on the principles of the Anglican Communion, they must have faith in that Communion, and show respect to its rulers. They regretted, no doubt, the tone of thought and practice which had so long prevailed

in it; but they saw that they would be cutting away the ground from beneath their own feet, if they were to allow themselves to speak of it, as the Ritualists do, as having been utterly lost in darkness and faithlessness to its mission for three hundred years. The Reformers themselves scarcely used stronger language about the Catholic generations before their own time than is customary in the mouths of Ritualists with regard to the last three centuries of Anglicanism. It is this which is the characteristic mark of the present phase, as it is called, of the Anglo-Catholic movement: it has become sectarian and revolutionary in spirit, and its natural tendency, which may or may not work itself out actually according to circumstances, is to issue in separation from the Establishment. The influence of men like Dr. Pusey will no doubt be strongly exercised to keep things quiet. He may have now and then broken out into an angry threat about a Free Church, but he understands far too well the value of an 'Establishment' really to encourage thoughts of separation. If the Bishops are forced by public opinion to insist upon it, the 'vestments' will have to be abandoned, and then the Ritualists will be in the awkward position of having made concessions on the very point of vital doctrine, for abandoning which they have spoken so hardly of their own predecessors in the Anglican ministry. On the other hand, if a compromise is effected, the present abnormal state of things may not improbably make itself felt as intolerable. There is already a virtual schism between Ritualists and their congregations, and the rest of the Anglican body. The difference in the very idea and principle of the services is too obvious not to strike the most careless observer; and it is likely to be forced on the attention of one congregation after another according to the changes in their successive ministers. Already one church at Brighton has changed three times in the course of a year: from the ordinary Anglican service to vestments, lights, and incense, then back again by the surrender of the 'vestments,' for the sake of charity, because 'charity is greater than rubrics,' and now, as we learn, once again the vestments are used, the incumbent having found that his condescension in giving up Ritualism was not appreciated. This is a state of things which no communion can stand, and which its rulers must look to, whether they go by the name of bishops or by that of elders. The Ritualists command our sympathy by their earnestness, and by their admiration for many points of Catholic doctrine. But we cannot fail to recognise an uncatholic spirit in men who, while they insist so rigorously on the rights of their own supposed 'priesthood,' seem to forget entirely that if they are priests, their bishops are bishops. Such a spirit is the very first thing which they would have utterly to unlearn, if their dream of 'corporate union' with the Church were ever to be realised.

2. Following up the success of her *Dramatic Sketches*, Mrs. Webster has just put forth a new volume of poetry of a somewhat miscellaneous character. The first poem, *A Woman Sold*,* which

* *A Woman Sold, and other Poems.* By Augusta Webster. London and Cambridge, 1867.

gives its title to the collection, is by no means the longest or the most important of the whole. It turns, as the name indicates, on the well-worn incident of a lady marrying for money, and then surviving not only her husband, but the affection of the man whom she had sacrificed to him. There is a good deal of dramatic skill and delicate drawing of character in the sketch, but the effect on the whole is hardly pleasing. Mrs. Webster then gives us a set of 'studies' from characters in the New Testament—Bartimeus, Judas, Pilate, and the two disciples on the way to Emmaus. Here again she shows great power. Then we have a very miscellaneous collection of short pieces, written, as it would seem, at different times,—in short, the 'dust' of Mrs. Webster's muse—not always pure gold, certainly, though very seldom falling below a moderate standard of excellence. A rambling piece of greater length, called *Fairies' Chatter*, and a tale in verse, *Lota*, which might almost have been written as a novel, close the volume.

We are not inclined to complain of Mrs. Webster for having emptied her desk for our benefit. It is true that poets of the very highest class generally find it their best policy to be chary as to what they publish. They write a great deal more than is ever seen, and, no doubt, their reputation is higher on account of their self-restraint. There is a large class of secondary stars in the poetical firmament who write gracefully, and seldom fail to interest us, and these can well be allowed to make themselves common. It is sometimes drawing-room amateur music, not quite enrapturing, and occasionally open to criticism, but music nevertheless, with all its power to soothe and elevate. In the case of Mrs. Webster, we are glad to see that she is not always on the strain, as it were. The line of dramatic monologue or dialogue, in which the chief aim is to analyse and set forth the intricacies and subtleties of character, requires somewhat of an effort on the part of the conscientious reader. We have to study, as well as Mrs. Webster: and it need hardly be said, that few people comparatively will take the trouble. Mrs. Webster will find many admirers for some of her minor pieces. She appears, like so many of our rising poets, to have studied chiefly in the school of Tennyson. The specimen which we subjoin will prove this assertion. It is called *A March Night*.

"White moonbeams, trembling through the night,
 Upon the wind-stirr'd lawn, and awayed
 By sudden gusts in tossing light
 On bare March boughs along the glade,
 Shine clear upon the surge-lash'd head,
 Shine clear upon the rock-set bay;
 The sea has had enough of dead,
 And the brave ships plunge on their way.
 Wild river, flying from the wind
 On past the quiet village homes,
 With their long-furrow'd fields behind,
 To leap into the mad sea-foams,
 Wail, echoing to the cruel sea—
 Wail for us that it spare its prey:

Mothers are weeping on bent knee,
And the frail ships toss on their way.
Fierce whirlwind, warring on our plain
With the strong trees that heave and crash,
Hurling away the pelts of rain,
Shrill shrieking through the rattling sash,
Faint, weary from thy rage, and die;
Far off the billows writhe in spray:
We waken at thy voice, and sigh,
And the dear ships plunge on their way."

3. The Abbé Daras, who has lately put forth a reprint, with some additions, of the old French translation of Ribadeneira's *Flos Sanctorum*,* tells us that he had long contemplated some extensive work of his own on the same subject, when he fell in with the book which he has now republished, and was so charmed with it as to alter his original plan for that which he has now put into execution. He has added some accounts of the great Festivals of our Lord, he has included some lives, written by Ribadeneira, which had been omitted in the earlier translation, and he has also added lives of Saints canonized since the time of the old Jesuit. But, in the main, his book is the work of Ribadeneira in French slightly modernised, but still the French of the period of St. Francis de Sales.

Ribadeneira's work is so famous, that we need hardly spend many words in pointing out its merits. It cannot be denied that he wrote at a time when criticism had not yet dealt with some of the Acts of the early martyrs, which he accepted without suspicion. On the other hand, it is far from certain that everything which criticism has questioned ought to be rejected, and Ribadeneira was one of the most learned men of his day. But, even granting that in many cases he may have admitted as ancient an account which bears marks of being more modern than it professes to be, the readers of the *Lives of the Saints*, who seek for edification and devotion rather than for criticism, do not require that everything put before them should be capable of absolute demonstration. It cannot be denied that it is in the nature of things inevitable, not only that many unauthenticated details should in the course of time cluster around narratives substantially true concerning the Saints and their wonderful deeds, but also that many perfectly true stories should be omitted in the earliest accounts, and should be for a long time preserved only in traditions which it may not be possible to trace up to their fountain-head. The real question, as to the frequency of miracles in the lives of real Saints of God, has long since been settled: the accuracy of each particular account is the only point open to criticism, and it is often with great unfairness and great loss to our real knowledge that the burthen of proof is thrown upon the narrator. In other respects,

* *Les Vies des Saints, et Fêtes de toute l'Année*. Par les R. P. Ribadeneira. Traduction Française, révisé et augmentée des fêtes nouvelles, des vies des Saints et Bienheureux nouveaux. Par M. l'Abbé Daras. 12 vols. Paris: Louis Vives, 1864.

Ribadeneira's work ranks far above the more critical, learned, and somewhat cold collection of Alban Butler. Alban Butler is judicious and instructive, though too often apologetic: Ribadeneira glows with devotion and piety, without being in the slightest degree sentimental or effeminate. Alban Butler often jars upon his reader: he patronises and explains the actions of the Saints as if he had to be responsible for them to the polite society of the last century. Ribadeneira seems never to have breathed any atmosphere but that of the purest faith: the grand Spanish Catholicism of which he was the child animates every line. For the great purpose of spiritual reading his work is without an equal.

The Abbé Daras has, therefore, we venture to say, done exceedingly well to reproduce these delightful biographies. No doubt they might have been improved on, if Ribadeneira had lived later, and been able to avail himself of the magnificent labours of the Bollandists on the Acts of the Saints. But as far as he goes, he is most admirable. We feel also particularly grateful to a man who prefers the simple naïve French of the time of the old translation to the more elegant but more lifeless language of the present day. We trust that his example may some day be followed in our own country. There exists a fine old English translation of Ribadeneira, made about the same time with the French version reproduced by M. Daras. In fact, it would be worth the while of Catholics in this country to turn their attention to the English translations of devotional and ascetic works made in the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts. It is astonishing how much was done in this way in the days of persecution. Translation was no uncommon occupation for the many pious Catholic gentlemen who were living in daily danger of the visits of Topcliffe and other miscreants of his class, and the English into which many ascetical and spiritual works was then rendered is very far more genuine and idiomatic than is usually to be found in the present time in works 'translated from the French.' Age, or the skill of the writer, has given it a charm of its own, which is certainly not possessed by the language of modern translations, which are too often positively repulsive to the reader, if not unfaithful to the original author. We can only hope that if any one is enterprising enough to give us an English edition of the very beautiful work of which we are now speaking, he will not commit the blunder of passing by the old translation.

4. It would appear that Algiers is beginning to attract the attention of those who are continually obliged to seek fresh places to which invalids from England may be sent to spend the winter. Algiers is in reality very close to us: four or five days of quick travelling will take us there from London. There is a double sea-voyage, certainly, to be encountered before we can reach it; but we must have one voyage in any case, and to reach Malta, Madeira, or Cairo, we must make a very long voyage in comparison; and if we go part of the way overland, through France to Malta, or by Lisbon to Madeira, we have as much or far more to brave than in reaching

Algiers. The climate is very like that of Malta—somewhat colder in winter. There is very little bad weather: but rain sometimes falls heavily, and then dries up at once. The rains are less equally distributed during different months than at Malta. The climate is drier and less relaxing than that of Madeira. It would appear also that consumption is almost unknown among the natives and inhabitants, and that the climate has the effect of preventing its further development in many cases, if the patient is taken to Algiers in an early stage of the disease. This, we suppose, is about as much as can be said for any place with regard to this terrible malady.

Miss Edwards has undertaken the task of recommending Algiers to travellers in general and health-seekers in particular in a very charming volume called *A Winter with the Swallows*.^{*} Her account is very rosy, though she frankly admits one or two drawbacks to an invalid, such as the want (at present) of English doctors and nurses—in which connection we are sorry to notice the only ill-mannered sentence we have met with in her book, a sneer at the “Sisters of Mercy”—by whom she means, we presume, the *Sœurs de la Miséricorde*—and the inferiority of the meat supply—made up for, however, by the abundance of game. But setting aside all consideration to the practical question suggested by Miss Edwards, her book is as delightful an account of a generally unvisited country as can be conceived. She gives us a set of admirable sketches of the French in Algiers, the Arabs, the negroes, and the Kabyles: she photographs for us the town of Algiers itself, and the interior, especially the Kabyle country, the Tell, and one or two of the more remote military stations: her accounts of the negro superstitions, the Aissaoua fanatics with their strange self-tortures, and the Ramadhan, the glimpses of “Arab Interiors,” and the interesting accounts of some of the beautiful manufactures of the country which occur here and there in her pages, are enough to render a *Winter with the Swallows* most agreeable reading.

5. The indefatigable Father Perrone has just added another volume to the long list of works of sound and solid theology which bear his name. The treatise, *De Virtute Religionis deque Vitiis oppositis*,[†] is usually to be found in its place in the theological Courses of older writers; and in the first and more positive part of the present volume Father Perrone has only to go over ground familiar to most students, though usually, we believe, left untrodden for want of time in the ordinary preparation for the Priesthood. Father Perrone treats this portion of his subject under the usual heads of Prayer, Adoration, Sacrifice, Vows, Oaths, and the observance of Holy Days. Under this last-mentioned title he has a strong chapter against the ultra-rigorous observance of Sunday which our modern Pharisees

^{*} *A Winter with the Swallows*. By Matilda Beltram Edwards. London, 1867.

[†] *Prælectiones Theologicae de Virtute Religionis deque Vitiis oppositis, nominatim vero de Mesmerismi, Somnambulismi, ac Spiritismi recentiore superstitione*. Auctore Joanne Perrone, S.J. Ratisbonæ, 1866.

have introduced. The second part of the treatise is the most important, filling about two-thirds of the volume, and dealing at length with questions peculiar to the present day. After some chapters on irreligion and superstition, Father Perrone enters on the subjects of Mesmerism, Somnambulism, and Spiritualism. He examines the phenomena, many of which he proves to be beyond the reach of ordinary physical and human causes, and consequently concludes that they must be set down to the agency of evil spirits. This part of the volume will be extremely valuable for the guidance of persons attracted by the marvels of spirit-mediums and table-turning, as embodying the conclusions of one who may be considered as the most sagacious and experienced of living Catholic theologians. The high value of Father Perrone's writings comes in great measure from the perfect and keen orthodoxy of his instinct. His mind is steeped in the purest Roman traditions, and his works seem uniformly to reflect with admirable faithfulness the mind of the living Church on subjects new and old. The treatise before us is concluded by a very interesting chapter on the resemblance between the superstitions prevalent in pagan times and those which are now so fashionable. It would seem that the mind of man, except under the dominion of faith, must needs find some superstition to feed on, and that the spiritual agents by which he is constantly beset have but to present age after age the same delusions under new and attractive names.

6. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, the author of a very interesting *Life of Sterne*, seems to hang with fondness over the period—so remote in manners and ideas from our own—in which the great humourist lived and wrote. His biography of the gay and reckless Charles Townshend* shows a great familiarity with the personal memoirs of the time, the numberless collections of papers and anecdotes through which any one who would form a fair idea of the contemporaries of Chatham must manage to force his way. Mr. Fitzgerald writes freely and pointedly; but we think he has failed to give his reader a clear and definite picture. It may be that the character which he has set himself to draw is too volatile to be seized; as the perpetual motion of the butterfly prevents it from being caught in the photograph. It may be also that Mr. Fitzgerald has been too profuse of his secondary materials, and has overlaid what might have been a bright and delicate sketch with a crowd of figures and a multiplicity of action. We almost lose sight of Charles Townshend in some of his chapters, and we rise from the book with no clear notion of his career, and with an impression that we have been told a great deal about the elder Pitt, the elder Fox, Lord Bute, and the Duke of Newcastle, which has almost put the principal figure in the story out of our heads. The book presupposes also a good deal of familiarity with the parliamentary history and ministerial changes of the

* *Charles Townshend, Wit and Statesman.* By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A. London, 1866.

time with which light readers are not likely to be furnished. It is difficult to decide whether it was originally written at greater length, and then cut down, or whether it was intended to be a mere sketch, and then was expanded. In any case, it is hardly so successful as might have been expected from Mr. Fitzgerald's evident industry, his familiarity with Townshend's time, and the easy attractive style with which he writes.

7. There can be little doubt that much of the society in which the most refined and courteous manners, the truest nobility of mind and heart, and the greatest and most cultivated intelligence in France is to be found, has been driven into retirement by the political changes which have befallen the government of that country, and which have reduced to inaction and unobtrusive opposition a large proportion of the higher classes. It may possibly be true that a great deal of good has resulted from the fact that so many noble families have lived more generally in the country than might have been the case if they had been devoted adherents of the Second Empire, and that the Faubourg St. Germain has stood out in proud exclusiveness against the tone which has of late been prevalent in Parisian society. We have thus, at least, the traditions of an older and in some respects a purer state of society preserved from many influences which might otherwise have tended to destroy them. Putting aside these higher considerations, there is at all events an inexpressible charm about some of the glimpses which are occasionally allowed to us of the quiet and refined life of the *noblesse* of the Legitimist party, among whom there are still lingering a few who have gone through the trials of the emigration, and then returned with hearts chastened by misfortune and hardship to France, and who have preserved the traditions of the ante-Revolution period through the successive epochs of the Restoration, the Monarchy of July, the Republic, and the restored Empire. It is a common mistake to suppose that the brilliant French society which suffered so terrible a punishment in the great Revolution, was as rotten to the heart and as profoundly irreligious as might, perhaps, have been expected after the reign of Louis XV., and the long domination of Voltaire. The good Louis XVI. was in many ways a fair specimen of the better part of French society in his own days: and there was a large amount of private virtue, domestic happiness, active benevolence, and fervent piety in the upper classes, by the side, unfortunately, of the profligacy and infidelity of which we have heard so much. A great convulsion like the French Revolution comes after a time to be looked upon as something absolutely exceptional in human history, and we are apt to suppose that the state of society which preceded and gave birth to it must have been exceptional also. On the contrary, the earlier years of the reign of Louis XVI. were not unlike the more ordinary and uneventful periods of the history of our own times: and in many respects the standard of social customs was superior to that which has since prevailed. The lowest

depths of manners with regard to morality were reached, it would seem, under the Directory and the Consulate.

Mr. Jerningham has had the good fortune to be allowed to make himself so much at home with some of the Legitimist families—who, indeed, seem to have owed a good deal, in their days of exile, to the kindness of relatives of his own—as to be able to give a sketch of their domestic life, in a volume called *Life in a French Chateau*.^{*} What we are told of his friends is very interesting, and makes us wish for more: the characters of the old Countess, her daughter Stephanie, and the old servant, are sketched distinctly enough, and are very pleasing. We also get a somewhat vague general idea of the limited society by which they are surrounded. But here the book stops. Mr. Jerningham has spun out materials which might have been sufficient for a lively article in a magazine into a goodly volume, and has consequently been under the necessity of filling up his canvas with details not quite so novel or so interesting as those which we have mentioned. He has fallen too much into the mistake of giving us his own Journal instead of sketches of French society. We have a few very brilliant and practised writers, Mr. Dickens, Mr. Anthony Trollope, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and one or two more, whom we can allow to tell us all that happened to them in the train, and in the steamboat, and what they thought of as they rubbed their eyes on being called in the morning, because we are sure that by some peculiar magic they will make even the most commonplace incidents sparkle in the light of their own cleverness. But in the hands of ordinary mortals these details and moralizings are somewhat less attractive. We trust that Mr. Jerningham will give us something more substantial by and bye: and in this hope, we venture to point out that even a book about France need not have French words or French quotations *quite* so thickly strewn over its pages as is the case with the volume before us. French proverbs and phrases drop out of Mr. Jerningham's mouth almost as profusely as out of that of some young lady just returned from a boarding-school at Paris, and sometimes quite as inappropriately—as when he makes Mademoiselle Stephanie tell him (p. 237) “to excuse yourself, you accuse others—*qui s'excuse, s'accuse*.” This book is pleasant enough as it is, but it would be rather more so without some of these provoking blemishes.

8. It would appear that the subjects of meditation supplied by the Gospel History, which are capable of such infinite variety of modification and application, require to be re-arranged and freshly set for successive generations. At least the number of books of meditation seems to be always on the increase, and we may fairly suppose that the demand for them does not fall short of the supply. Of course the substance is in many cases the same: the thoughts and reflections of the Fathers and the Saints form a trea-

^{*} *Life in a French Chateau*. By Hubert E. H. Jerningham. London, 1867.

sure from which most compilers draw the main bulk of their materials. Few thoughtful writers, however, fail to add something of their own, and there is also a great field for the exercise of a sound judgment in the selection to be made from the plentiful stores of previous generations. Then again, meditations have to be furnished for special classes and special occasions: for priests, for religious, and for men of the world; for times of affliction and trial, for the time of the choice of a vocation, for days of retreat, and for particular anniversaries. These special books appear usually to be the most successful, simply because it is so extremely difficult to furnish good general meditations which can supply their place. We are, in fact, always under some particular phase or in some particular need. The best thing of all would be that Christians should have thoroughly at command some one of the great methods of meditation, so as to be able to use the Life of Christ and the History of the Passion for themselves. Failing this, there must of necessity be a multitudinous variety of meditation books, and they must be used and changed freely when occasion requires.

We have now before us a book of *Practical Meditations*,* intended for the use of Religious Communities, which will also be found useful for persons outside the cloister who are endeavouring systematically to lead a holy life in the world. The foundation is of course the Gospel History. The plan adopted by the author follows the Infancy and Hidden Life of our Lord up to the Feast of the Purification; it then passes to Lent, the whole of which is devoted to the contemplation of the Passion. Easter-tide, the Ascension, Pentecost, the Feasts of the Most Holy Trinity and of the Sacred Heart, suggest the remaining meditations of the first volume, which contains also a sufficient number of meditations for a month, which may be interposed either before Lent or after the Feast of the Sacred Heart, according to the time, early or late, at which Easter may happen to fall. There are also several meditations for days of Communion, for the first Fridays in each month, and for days of monthly recollection. Those parts of the life of our Lord which have not been included in this first volume are meditated on in the second: but in the latter half of the year we find a considerable number of meditations on the Saints, a set on the Divine Attributes, and on Preparation for Christmas, as well as a fresh supply for Communion Days and the like. The meditations are very practical—framed, of course, chiefly with a view to the religious life. We observe with pleasure that the author has not been afraid to draw copiously upon the treasures of devotion accumulated by earlier writers.

We are glad also, for the sake of English readers, to see a translation announced of one of the best of our modern meditation books. The *Méditations selon la méthode de St. Ignace sur la Vie et sur*

* *Nouvelles Méditations Pratiques*, pour tous les jours de l'année, sur la Vie de notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ, à l'usage des communautés religieuses, par un Père de la Compagnie de Jésus. 2 tom. Bruxelles, 1867.

les Mystères de N.S. Jésus-Christ form probably one of the best manuals for mental prayer that can be found. This book follows the plan of the *Spiritual Exercises* very closely and consistently, and is evidently drawn up by one who has sat at the feet of St. Ignatius. It seems to hit the happy medium between diffuseness and too great brevity. The divisions are real divisions, and not mere typographical measures of continuous matter, nor, on the other hand, do they introduce several different subjects under the guise of subdivisions of one. The style is simple, and not wanting in unction. The Sisters of Mercy at Coventry have just brought out an English translation of the fourth part,* which goes through the mysteries of the Passion and Death of our Lord, which will, no doubt, be found useful in the approaching Lent.

9. Mr. O'Kane, the Senior Dean at the College of Maynooth, has just published a most useful work,† which may very well find its way into the hands of every Catholic parish priest in Ireland and England, as well as others who may take an interest in the subject of which it treats. It has been his duty for many years to give lectures to students preparing for Ordination on the Rubrics of the Ritual, and he has thus made himself master of the whole subject of ceremonial. Every one familiar with the matter knows how numerous are the questions which occur from time to time as to the interpretation and application to particular cases of these prescriptions of the Church, and how often these questions affect very important principles. It is therefore a very great boon to have a manual at hand in which the whole subject is carefully treated by one who has been led to make it a matter of particular and constant study. Mr. O'Kane's volume is devoted almost exclusively to the Rubrics of the various offices for Baptism, the Holy Eucharist, and Extreme Unction; but he has given us a preliminary chapter or two on the Rubrics in general, and on the administration of the Sacraments, and he has naturally supplemented his remarks on Extreme Unction by a chapter on the Blessing *in articulo mortis*. A copious Appendix contains the decrees of the Sacred Congregations of Rites, of Indulgences, of the Council, of the Inquisition, and of Bishops, as well as several synodal decrees, which have been quoted in the work, and a long list of authorities; nor has Mr. O'Kane forgotten to give us an ample general Index. Such a book supplies a great want very successfully.

* *Contemplations and Meditations on the Passion and Death of our Lord*, arranged according to the method of St. Ignatius. Translated from the French. (London, 1867. To be ordered from the Sisters of Mercy, Coventry.)

† *Notes on the Rubrics of the Roman Ritual*, regarding the Sacraments in general, Baptism, the Eucharist, and Extreme Unction. By the Rev. James O'Kane. Dublin, 1867.

"The Month" on Proselytism in Ireland.

Two exceptions, and two only, have been taken against the statements in our December Article on some of the proselytising machinery at work in Ireland; one in the form of a courteous remonstrance, the other in what looks at first sight like a positive as well as discourteous contradiction. We were, of course, fully aware that, if our Article was fortunate enough to attract attention, it would be exposed to hostile criticism; and that, if the Bird-cage-keepers and Bird-fanciers could detect any unfounded statement, they would have the right, which they would not be slow to exercise, of exposing it. We therefore suppressed much which we ourselves believed to be true, and confined our statements to what we read ourselves in the Reports issued by the manager of the proselytising institutions, or to facts mentioned in the Reports of the S. Brigid's Catholic Orphanage, which Reports, being annually read and commented on at a very large public meeting at Dublin, attended by members of the Corporation and the most eminent of the clergy and laity, may certainly be assumed to be carefully drawn up. With regard to the present state of the principal institution, rejoicing in the emphatic title of "*The Birds' Nest*," we rested on the important evidence of a recent visitor whom we knew to be trustworthy, and who described simply and exactly what she and another lady saw and heard.

The first objection, which reached us while our last Number was in the press, was on behalf of *The Female Orphan House*, in North Circular-road, which, it was alleged, was confined to the reception of Protestant orphans, and therefore unfairly described as one of the Nests of which we were treating. We did not speak of this as a professedly proselytising institution, like *The Birds' Nest*; but only mentioned the fact that the majority of the orphans received had been Catholics, and that all were trained as Protestants. It may be, that since 1863, the time of which we were writing, some care has been taken—as, in an Orphanage in a Catholic country drawing 500*l.* annually as a State Grant from the taxes, care undoubtedly ought to be taken—to see that the funds were not misappropriated to serve the ends of sectarian kidnappers. Even if all the children received are Protestants, we can still see no sort of reason why such a grant should be made to the small and wealthy body of Protestants in Catholic Ireland; but on the other supposition, that of the children being the offspring of Catholic parents, the continuance of the grant would be certainly one of the various insults still offered to the faith of the nation, of which it is only strange that Irishmen do not complain still more loudly. If some pains are not taken to ascertain that the parents were really Protestants, we may be certain that, whatever

the intentions of the managers may be—and we entirely acquit them of any direct intention of proselytising—a large proportion of the children under their charge will consist of Catholic children brought from a distance, in the same way as those picked up in Dublin are often sent to orphanages in Galway and Connemara. That this is still the case in this orphanage, is affirmed by clergymen living in Dublin. About the past we are afraid that there can be no doubt. The lady who had the management of it for many years, and who maintained a "Nest" of her own in Wicklow, would not have devoted her time and money to it, if it had been only a needless addition to the *bond-fide* Orphanages for Protestants with which Dublin was sufficiently provided. Evidence is given by one who visited the orphanage every week while it was in her hands, and who knew many of the children, that he knew of none whose parents had not been Catholics. The institution was founded, according to "Whitelaw's Dublin," vol. ii. p. 849, for "all persuasions," but all were to be "educated in that of the Established Church." In the Report for 1863, to which is appended a history of the Institution, nothing is said of any restriction to Protestants. And, what is even more significant, in the printed form of "Petition" for the admission of a child, which contains various stringent rules for the observance of a number of preliminary conditions, not only is no proof required that the parents were Protestants, but blanks are left for the insertion of their religious denomination, thus:

"Her father was of the	religion.
Her mother was of the	religion."

We can only say, in conclusion, that what evidence we have been able to collect on the subject of this Orphanage is conflicting—perhaps from the ambiguity of the phrase, "children of Roman Catholic parents." This may, or may not, include the children of mixed marriages. We understand that a regulation has been for many years on the books of the institution, by which Catholic children are only to be admitted with the distinct consent of their nearest relatives to their education as Protestants. For several years back, as we are assured, no such children have been knowingly received. Before that time, a very considerable number of Catholic children had been trained in the establishment as Protestants. We can only reconcile the facts thus stated with the positive assertions we have received on the other side as to the actual inmates of the Orphanage, by supposing either that Catholic children have been introduced as Protestants, or that the offspring of mixed marriages are considered as Protestants. But it is obvious to remark that it must be in the power of the managers of the *Female Orphan Home* to settle the question at once by a statement of the religion of the parents of the actual inmates of their establishment. They have the form of petition presented in each case, as given above; nothing can be easier than to keep a register of the statements thus made, and to allow the public, who contribute so largely to the support of the orphans, to consult it when they please.

The only other objection came from the London office of the *Irish Church Mission Society*. The secretary was instructed to reprove His Grace our Archbishop for rashly crediting and repeating the information which we published about *The Birds' Nest*, and to assert that the matron had denied that "the conversation as described" had taken place; and further to assert that the statements attributed to her were not true. As our readers are probably aware, the writer of this Article has already replied to the letter of the secretary of the Irish Church Mission Society in the papers in which it appeared—at least in England—re-asserting, on the authority of our original informant, the statements as to the conversation made in the Article on *Birds' Nests*, and appending to his letter the most distinct and absolute confirmation of the truthfulness of the report published by us, in the shape of a note from the lady who was present as a witness on the occasion referred to. We are very sorry for any unpleasantness to which the candid zeal of the matron may have exposed her. We did not print the conversation unadvisedly or without regret at the possibility of this being the accidental result of its publication. But we felt that our aims, that especially of stirring up the sympathy of English for Irish Catholics, were so important, that we might sacrifice all considerations, except that of strict truth, to promote them. We utterly repudiate the notion that the Catholics of the two nations cannot be induced, or have no disposition, to sympathise and co-operate with each other, while we recognise some not at all invincible obstacles to their combined action. To excite, therefore, the interest of English Catholics in the grievances of their brethren in Ireland, as to excite the interest of Irish Catholics in the efforts that we are making to remedy the wrongs of Catholics in England, we hold to be one of the highest of objects. It is hardly worth while to point out the relative credibility of the positive assertion of two independent ladies, one of whom wrote down the report of the conversation soon after it took place, and the other publicly, and giving her name and address, attests its perfect accuracy; and, on the other hand, of a statement made three months afterwards, that the matron tells a secretary of a proselytising society that the conversation *as described* did not take place. When a former secretary denied that the same society ever allowed of bribery, he meant, as he explained afterwards, that the food was given on condition of reading the Protestant Bible, and not on that of abjuring Catholicism, although this was expected to be the result; and when he denied that there were any witnesses forthcoming to depose to money-giving to Protestants to personate Catholics, he meant, as his conduct showed, that there were none who could do so safely and without the threat of a prosecution. So, the secretary now asserts that orphans are not retained in *The Birds' Nest* when their guardians demand them—meaning that, like the Rooneys, they are ready to be given up on the payment of an impossible sum of money; and the assertion that "the conversation *as described* did not take place," may only mean that some unimportant words were spoken which do not appear in our report.

As our English readers do not probably see the Dublin papers, we will add two illustrations of the working of the Protestant Ascendancy theory which occurred at a single meeting of the guardians of the North Union Workhouse, on the 21st of last November. A Catholic girl found a deserted baby in the streets, and had no alternative but to take it to the station. She was prevented by the inspector from having it baptised, as she wished and intended, by a priest, and was made to take it unbaptised to the workhouse. The board, after hearing all the circumstances, and receiving an application from the girl to register the infant of whom she had become the guardian as a Catholic, decided that it must be considered to belong to the State religion, and ordered it to be registered and brought up accordingly. We should not dare to act in this way with the Hindoos; but an Irish Papist is quite another thing. After this, the case of six orphans was considered, whose father, knowing that kidnappers would be on the look-out as soon as he died, had made his will in proper form, appointing Cardinal Cullen and Miss Aylward the sole guardians of his children. Miss Aylward offered to receive them at once, and produced the authority of the other guardian to do so. But an aunt of the children, who had recently found it convenient to profess the State religion, and was employed as a servant at the Castle, was produced, and it was proposed, in spite of the father's will, and the known fact that both parents had always been Catholics, to hand the poor children over to her. Happily a nearer relation in the eyes of the law, a brother of the father, offered to receive them; and by a small majority of votes he gained the preference. But for this, *The Birds' Nest*, or *The Nursery*, would have engaged the whole brood. Surely we ought not to wonder that the cry to sweep away the Irish Church Establishment is not hushed. Can we say that it ought to be?







ST. ANNE'S CONVENT
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At this moment, the Superioress and Sisters of the above Convent are suffering from the pressure of a heavy debt of £1000, and are compelled to invoke the aid of the Charitable in their behalf.

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"It is a more blessed thing to give than to receive."—(ACTS xx. 35.) "If thou have much, give abundantly: if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little."—(TOBIAS iv. 9.)

(Signed)

JAMES McCABE, D.D., Chairman.
WILLIAM POWELL, } Hon. Secs.
MICHAEL MAHER, }

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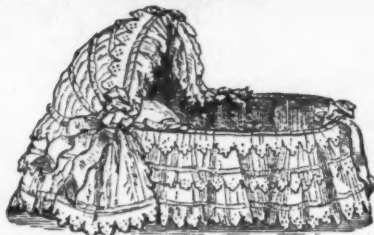
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